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TORONTO

LYRA HEROICA

A BOOK OF VERSE FOR BOYS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY



Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the sensual world proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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TO WALTER BLAIKIE

ARTIST PRINTER

MY PART IN THIS BOOK

W E H

July 1891

PREFACE

THIS book of verse for boys is I believe the first of its kind in English. Plainly it were labour lost to go gleaning where so many experts have gone harvesting, and for what is rarest and best in English Poetry the world must turn as here tofore to the several *Golden Treasures* of Professor Palgrave and Mr Coventry Patmore and to the excellent *Poets Walk* of Mr Mowbray Morris. My purpose has been to choose and sheave a certain number of those achievements in verse which, as expressing the simpler sentiments and the more elemental emotions might fitly be addressed to such boys—and men for that matter—as are privileged to use our noble English tongue.

To set forth as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living the beauty and the blessedness of death the glory of battle and adventure the nobility of devotion—to a cause an ideal a passion even—the dignity of resistance the sacred quality of patriotism that is my ambition here. Now to read poetry at all is to have an ideal anthology of one's own and in that possession to be incapable of content with the anthologies of all the world besides. That is the personal equation is ever to be reckoned withal and I have had my preferences as those that went before me had theirs. I have omitted much as Aytoun's *Lays* whose absence many will resent I have included much as that

brilliant piece of doggerel of Frederick Marryat's, whose presence some will regard with distress. This without reference to enforcement, due to the very nature of my work.

I have adopted the birth-day order for that is the simplest. And I have begun with—not Chaucer nor Spenser nor the ballads but—Shakespeare and Agincourt for it seemed to me that a book of heroism could have no better starting point than that heroic pair of names. As for the ballads I have placed them after much considering in the gap between old and new between classic and romantic in English verse. The witness of Sidney and Dravton's example notwithstanding it is not until 1765 when Percy publishes the *Reliques* that the ballad spirit begins to be the master influence that Wordsworth confessed it was while as for the history of the matter there are who hold that *Sir Patrick Spens* for example is the work of Lady Wardlaw which to others myself among them, is a thing preposterous and distraught.

It remains to add that addressing myself to boys I have not scrupled to edit my authors where editing seemed desirable and that I have broken up some of the longer pieces for convenience in reading. Also the help I have received while this book of *Noble Numbers* was in course of growth—help in the way of counsel suggestion remonstrance permission to use—has been such that it taxes gratitude and makes complete acknowledgment impossible.

W E H

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For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder
round by the hill
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three
decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would
leap from his counter and till
And strike, if he could were it but with his
cheating yardwand home

TENNYSON

LYRA HEROICA

Lyra Heroica

I

AGINCOURT

INTROIT

O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention
A kingdom for a stage princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry like himself
Assume the port of Mars and at his heels
Leashed in like hounds should Famine Swor
and Fire
Crouch for employment But pardon gentles al
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million
And let us ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies
Whose high upreareèd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder

J

¶

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts
 Into a thousand parts divide one man
 And make imaginary puissance
 Think, when we talk of horses that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i the receiving earth
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings
 Carry them here and there jumping o'er times
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour glass

INTERLUDE

Now all the youth of England a'e on fire
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies
 Now thrive the armourers and honour s thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels as English Mercuries
 For now sits Expectation in the air
 And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
 With crowns imperial crowns and coronets
 Promised to Harry and his followers
 The French advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do that honour would thee
 do
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms which he fills
 With treacherous crowns , and three corrupted
 men
 One Richard Earl of Cambridge and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,

Have for the gilt of France—O guilt indeed !—
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France
And by their hands this grace of kings must die
If hell and treason hold their promises
Ere he take ship for France and in Southamp-
ton !—

HARFLEUR

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought Suppose that you have
seen

The well appointed king at Hampton Pier
Embark his royalty and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan
ning

Play with your fancies and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship boys climbing
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea
Breasting the lofty surge O do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing !
For so appears this fleet majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur Follow follow
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy
And leave your England as dead midnight still
Guarded with gransires babies and old women,
Or passed or not arrived to pith and puissance
For who is he whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These culled and choice drawn cavaliers to
France ?
Work work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur

Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
back
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms
The offer likes not and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them !

THE EVE

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe
From camp to camp through the foul womb of
night
The drum of either army stilly sounds
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch
Fire answers fire and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful
neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear and from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights
With busy hammers closing rivets up
Give dreadful note of preparation
The country cocks do crow the clocks do toll
And the third hour of drowsy morning name
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over lusty French
Do the low rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple, tardy gaited night
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
So tediously away The poor condemned
English
Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminante
The morn's danger and their gesture sad,
Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts O now who will behold
The royal captain of this ruined band
Walking from watch to watch from tent to tent
Let him cry Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes and visits all his host
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers friends and country-
men

Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all watched night
But freshly looks and over bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty
That every wretch pining and pale before
Beholding him plucks comfort from his looks
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one
Thawing cold fear that mean and gentle all
Behold as may unworthiness define
A little touch of Harry in the night—
And so our scene must to the battle fly

Shakespeare

THE BATTLE

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance
Nor now to prove our chunce
Longer will tarry
But putting to the main,
At Caux the mouth of Seme
Wth all his martial train
Landed King Harry

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour

Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stopped his way,
 Where the French gen ral lay
 With all his power

Which in his height of pride
 King Henry to deride
 His ransom to provide
 To the king sending
 Which he neglects the while
 As from a nation vile
 Yet with an angrv smile
 Their fall portending

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then
 Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazed
 Yet have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd

And for myself quoth he
 This my full rest shall be
 England ne er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me

Pointers and Cressy tell
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led
With the main Henry sped,
 Among his henchmen
Excester had the rear
A braver man not there
O Lord how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder

Well it thine age became
O noble Erpingham
Which did the signal arm
 To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
 Struck the French horses

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth yard long
That like to serpents stung
 Piercing the weather
None from his fellow starts
But playing manly parts
And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbos drew
 And on the French they flew
Not one was tardy

Arms were from shoulders sent
 Scalps to the teeth were rent
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy

This while our noble king
 His broadsword brandishing
 Down the French host did ding
 As to o erwhelm it
 And many a deep wound lent
 His arms with blood besprent
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet

Glo'ster that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother
 Clarence in steel so bright
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another !

Warwick in blood did wade
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up
 Suffolk his axe did ply
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtly
 Ferrers and Fanhope

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

AFTER

Now we bear the king
Toward Calais grant him there there seen
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men with wives and boys
Whose shouts and claps out voice the deep
mouthing sea

Whch like a mighty whiffler fore the king
Seems to prepare his way so let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city he forbids it
Being free from vainness and self glorious pride
Giving full trophy signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God But now behold
In the quick forge and working house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in !

Shakespeare

II

LCRD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ,

Whose passions not his masters are ,
Whose soul is still prepared for death—
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath

Who hath his ear from rumours freed
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed
 Nor ruin make oppressors great

Who envies none whom chance doth raise
 Of vice who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise
 Nor rules of state but rules of good

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well chosen book or friend—

This man is free from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall
 Lord of himself though not of lands
 And having nothing yet hath all

Wotton

III

TRUE BALM

High spirited friend
 I send nor balms nor corsives to your wound
 Your faith hath found
 A gentler and more agile hand to tend
 The cure of that which is but corporal,
 And doubtful days which were named critical
 Have made their fairest flight
 And now are out of sight
 Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind
 Wrapped in this paper lie
 Which in the taking if you misapply
 You are unkind

Your covetous hand
 Happy in that fair honour it hath gained,
 Must now be reined

True valour doth her own renown commend
 In one full action nor have you now more
 To do than be a husband of that store
 Think but how dear you bought
 This same which you have caught—
 Such thoughts will make you more in love with
 truth
 'Tis wisdom and that high
 For men to use their fortune reverently
 Even in youth

HONOUR IN BUD

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make man better be
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May
 Although it fall and die that night
 It was the plant and flower of light
Jonson

THE JOY OF BATTLE

Arm arm arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in
 Keep your ranks close and now your honours win
 Behold from yonder hill the foe appears
 Bows bills glaives arrows shields and spears !
 Like a dark wood he comes or tempest pouring
 O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring !
 The vanguard marches bravely Hank the
 drums !

Dub dub !

They meet they meet and now the battle comes
 See how the arrows fly
 That darken all the sky !
 Hark how the trumpets sound !
 Hark how the hills rebound—
 Tara tara tara tara tara !

Hark how the horses charge ! in boys ! boys
 in !
 The battle totters now the wounds begin
 O how they cry !
 O how they die !
 Room for the valiant Memnon armed with
 thunder !
 See how he breaks the ranks asunder !
 They fly ! they fly ! Lumenes has the chase,
 And brave Polybius makes good his place
 To the plains to the woods
 To the rocks to the floods
 They fly for succour Follow follow follow !
 Hark how the soldiers hollow !
 Hey hey !

Brave Diocles is dead
 And all his soldiers fled
 The battle s won and lost
 That many a life hath cost

Fletcher

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality behold and fear !
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep beneath this heap of stones !
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands
 Here from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach ' In greatness is no trust

Here is an acre sown indeed
With the richest royll st seed
That the earth did e er suck in
Since the first man died for sin
Here the bones of birth have cried
Though gods they were as men they died
Here are suds ignoble things
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings
Here s a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust once dead by fate

Beaumont

VII

GOING A MAYING

Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh quilted colours through the air
Get up sweet slug a bed and see
The dew bespangled herb and tree !
Each flower has wept and bowed tow'rd the east,
Above an hour since yet you not drest
Nay not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns tis sin
Nay, profanation to keep in
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May
Rise, and put on your foliage and be seen
To come forth like the spring time fresh and
green
And sweet as Flora Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair
Fear not the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept

Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew locks of the night
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in
praying
Few beads are best when once we go a Maying

Come my Corinna come and coming mark
How each field turns a street each street a park
Made green and trimmed with trees! see
how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch! each porch each door ere this
An ark a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove
As if here were those cooler shades of love
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see t?
Come we ll abroad and let s obey
The proclamation made for May
And sin no more as we have done by staying,
But my Corinna, come, let s go a Maying

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in May
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back and with white thorn laden home
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream
And some have wept and wooed and plighted
troth
And chose their priest ere we can cast off sloth
Many a green gown has been given
Many a kiss both odd and even
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye love s firmament
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night and locks picked yet we re not
a Maying

Come let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty
Our life is short and our days run
As fast away as does the sun
And as a vapour or a drop of rain
Once lost can ne'er be found again
So when or you or I are made
A fable song or fleeting shade
All love, all liking all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night
Then, while time serves and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come let's go a Maying

I

TO ANTHA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING
Bid me to live and I will live
Thy Protestant to be
Or bid me love and I will give
A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft a heart as kind
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I'll give to thee

Bid that heart stay and it will stay
To honour thy decree
Or bid it languish quite away
And I shall do so for thee

Bid me to weep and I will weep
While I have eyes to see
And, having none yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee

Bid me despair and I'll despair
 Under that cypress tree
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 Even death to die for thee

Thou art my life my love my heart
 The very eyes of me
 And hast command of every part
 To live and die for thee

Herbert

IX

MEMENTO MORI

Sweet day so cool so calm so bright—
 The bridal of the earth and sky—
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night
 For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die

Sweet spring full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie
 My music shows ye have your closes
 And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
 Like seasoned timber never gives,
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives

THE KING OF KINGS

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows not substantial things
 There is no armour against fate
 Death lays his icy hand on kings
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade

Some men with swords may reap the field
 And plant fresh laurels when they kill
 But their strong nerves at last must yield
 They tame but one another still
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they pale captives, creep to death

The garlands wither on their brow—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust

Shirley

xi

LYCIDAS

Yet once more O ye laurels and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due
 For Lycidas is dead dead ere his prime
 Young Lycidas and hath not left his peer
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill
 Together both ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn
 Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of
 night

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Towards heaven's descent had sloped his wester-
 ing wheel

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough satyrs danced and fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song

But O the heavy change now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd thee the woods and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white thorn blows
Such I ycidas thy loss to Shepherd's ear

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless
deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards the famous Druids lie
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream
Ay me ! I fondly dream

Had ye been there for what could that
have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore
The Muse herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin spun life But not the
praise

Phœbus replied and touched my trembling ears
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world nor in broad rumour lies
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all judging Jove

As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed '
O fountain Arethuse and thou honoured flood
Smooth sliding Mincius crowned with vocal
reeds
That strain I heard was of a higher mood '
But now my oat proceeds
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea
He asl ed the waves and asked the felon winds
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
swain ?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory
They knew not of his story
And sage Hippotades their answer brings
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed
The air was calm and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine
Next Camus reverend sire went footing slow
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
woe
Ah ! who hath reft ' quoth he my dearest
pledge ,
Last came and last did go
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake
How well could I have spared for thee, young
swain
Enew of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold '
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how
to hold

A sheep hook or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What reckts it them ? What need they ? They
are sped

And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scraffel pipes of wretched straw
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed
But swoln with wind and the rank must they
draw

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace and nothing said
But that two handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more

Return Alpheus the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams return Sicilian Muse
And call the vales and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparingly looks
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine
The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet
The glowing violet
The musk-rose and the well attired woodbine
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head
And every flower that sad embroidery wears
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies
For so to interpose a little ease
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away where er thy bones are hurled
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,

Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit st the bottom of the monstrous world
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied
Sleep st by the fable of Bellerus old
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold
Look homeward, Angel, now and melt with
ruth

And O ye dolphins waft the hapless youth
Weep no more woeful shepherds weep no
more

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
So sinks the day star in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
waves

Where other groves and other streams along
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
In thy large recompence and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
rills

While the still morn went out with sandals grey
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue,
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

XII

ARMS AND THE MUSE

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED ON THE CITY

Captain or Colonel or Knight in Arms
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
seize
If deed of honour did thee ever please
Guard them and him within protect from
harms
He can requite thee for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms
Lift not thy spear against the Muses bower
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

XIII

TO THE LORD GENERAL

Cromwell our chief of men who through a cloud
Not of war only but detractions rude
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots
imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath yet much
remains
To conquer still peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw

xiv

THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose
bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and
stones
Forget not in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
The ~~wiles~~ redoubled to the hills and they
To heaven Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hundredfold who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe

xv

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent wh.ch is death to hide
Lodged with me useless though my soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
- My true account lest He returning chide

Doth God exact day labour light denied ?
I fondly ask but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies 'God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best His
state
Is kingly thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest
They also serve who only stand and wait

xvi

EYELESS AT GAZA

This this is he softly a while
Let us not break in upon him
O change beyond report thought or belief !
See how he lies at random carelessly diffused
With languished head unpropt
As one past hope abandoned
And by himself given over
In slavish habit ill fitted weeds
O'er worn and soiled
Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he
That heroic that renowned,
Irresistible Samson ? whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could
withstand
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron
And weaponless himself
Made arms ridiculous useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear the hammered
cuirass
Chalybean tempered steel and frock of mail
Adamantean proof
But safest he who stood aloof
When insupportably his foot advanced,

In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools
 Spurned them to death by troops The bold
 Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp old warriors turned
 Their plated backs under his heel
 Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets in the
 dust

XVII

OUT OF ADVERSITY

O how comely it is and how reviving
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth the oppressor
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour truth !
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour armed
 Their armouries and magaznes contemns
 Renders them useless while
 With wingèd expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked who surprised
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed

Milton

XVIII

HEROIC LOVE

My dear and only love I pray
 That little world of thee
 Be governed by no other sway
 But purest monarchy ,

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more

Like Alexander I will reign
And I will reign alone
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all

But, if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays
And love thee more and more

Monrose

XIX

GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not Sweet I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore
I could not love thee Dear so much
Loved I not Honour more

xx

FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates
 When I he tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye
 The Gods that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames
 Our careless heads with roses crowned
 Our hearts with loyal flames
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep
 When healths and draughts go free
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty

When linnet like confinèd I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness mercy majesty
 And glories of my King
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be
 Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty

XXI

TWO KINGS

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armour's rust
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star

And like the three forked lightning first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy,
And with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame, •
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due

Who from his private gardens where
He lived reserved and austere
As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak),

Nature, that hated emptiness
Allows of penetration less
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook s narrow case

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn
While round the arm'd bands,
Did clap their bloody hands

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe s edge did try ,

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forc'd power
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed
So much one man can do
That doth both act and know

They can affirm his praises best
And have though overcome confessed
How good he is how just,
And fit for highest trust

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand
(How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !)

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She having killed no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch
Where, when he fist does lure
The falconer has her sure

What may not then our isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he ere long to Gaul
To Italy an Hannibal
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party coloured mind
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer

But thou the war's and fortune's son
March indefatigably on
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain

IN EXILE

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song
 What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where he the huge sea monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs
Unto an isle so long unknown
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage
Safe from the storms and prelates rage
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet
But apples plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name
O let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay !

Thus sang they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note
 And all the way to guide their chime
 With falling oars they kept the time

Marvell

2 xiii

ALEXANDER S FEAST

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip s warlike son
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne
 His valiant peers were placed around
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 • (So should desert in arms be crowned)
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty s pride
 Happy happy happy pair !
 None but the brave
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touched the lyre
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire
 The song began from Jove
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the power of mighty love !
 A dragon s fiery form belied the god
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound
A present deity ! they shout around
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound
With ravished ears
The monarch hears
Assumes the god
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young
The jolly god in triumph comes
Sound the trumpets beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face
Now give the hautboys breath he comes, he
comes !
Bacchus ever fair and young
Drinking joys did first ordain
Bacchus blessings are a treasure
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
Rich the treasure
Sweet the pleasure
Sweet is pleasure after pain

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain
Fought all his battles o'er again
And thrice he routed all his foes and thrice he
slew the slain !
The master saw the madness rise
His glowing cheeks his ardent eyes
And while he heaven and earth defied
Changed his hand and checked his pride
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse
He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate
Fallen fallen fallen, fallen
Fallen from his high estate

And weltering in his blood
 Deserterd at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of Chance below
 And now and then a sigh he stole
 And tears began to flow

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move
 For pity melts the mind to love
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures
 War he sang is toil and trouble
 Honour but an empty bubble
 Never ending still beginning
 Fighting still and still destroying
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think O think, it worth enjoying
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee
 Take the good the gods provide thee
 The many rend the skies with loud applause,
 So love was crowned but Music won the cause
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked
 Sighed and looked and sighed again
 At length with love and wine at once op-
 pressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast
 Now strike the golden lyre again
 A louder yet and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder

Hark hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around
 Revenge revenge Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were
 slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods
 The princes applaud with a furious joy
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey
 And like another Helen fired another Troy !

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft
 desire
 At last divine Cecilia came
 Inventress of the vocal frame ,
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds
 And added length to solemn sounds
 With Nature s mother wit and arts unknown
 before

Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown
 He raised a mortal to the skies
 She drew an angel down

Dryden

XXIV

THE QUIET LIFE

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day
 By sudden blast or slow decline
 Our social comforts drop away

Well tried through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend
 Officious innocent, sincere
 Of every friendless name the friend

Yet still he fills affection's eye
 Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
 Nor lettered arrogance deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefined

When fainting Nature called for aid
 And hovering death prepared the blow,
 His vigorous remedy displayed
 The power of art without the show

In misery's darkest caverns known,
 His ready help was ever nigh
 Where hopeless anguish poured his groan
 And lonely want retired to die

No summons mocked by chill delay
 No petty gains disdained by pride
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supplied

His virtues walked their narrow round
Nor made a pause nor left a void
And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employed

The busy day the peaceful night
Unfelt uncounted glided by
His frame was firm his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain
No cold gradations of decay
Death broke at once the vital chain
And freed his soul the nearest way

Johnson

xxv

CHEVY CHACE

THE HUNTING

God prosper long our noble king
Our lives and safeties all
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall ,

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Erle Percy took his way
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and bear away
These tyding, to Erle Douglas came
In Scotland where he lay

Who sent Erle Percy present word
 He wold prevent his sport
 The English Eile not fearing that
 Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow men bold,
 All chosen men of might
 Who knew full well in time of neede
 To ayme their shafts aright

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
 To chase the fallow deere
 On Monday they began to hunt
 Ere daylight did appeare,

And long before high noone they had
 An hundred fat buckes slaine
 Then having dined the drovyers went
 To rouse the deere agame

The bow men mustered on the hills,
 Well able to endure
 Their backsides all with special care
 That day weré guarded sure

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deere to take
 And with their cryes the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the slaughtered deere
 Quoth he Erle Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here

But if I thought he wold not come
 No longer wold I stay
 With that a brave younge gentleman
 Thus to the Erle did say

' Lo yonder doth Erle Douglas come
His men in armour bright
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight

All men of pleasant Tivydale
Fast by the river Tweede'
O cease your sports Erle Percy said
And take your bowes with spedee ,

And now with me my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance,
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France

That ever did on horsebacke come
But if my hap it were
I durst encounter man for man
And with him break a speare '

THE CHALLENGE

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold
Rode foremost of his company
Whose armour shone like gold

Show me said he, ' whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here
That without my consent do chase
And kill my fallow deere

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he
Who sayd ' We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say

' Ere thus I will out bravèd be
 One of us two shall dye
 I know thee well an erle thou art
 Lord Percy so am I

But trust me Percy pitty'e it were
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our guiltlesse men
 For they have done no ill

Let thou and I the battell trye
 And set our men aside
 Accurst be he Erle Percy said,
 By whom this is denied

Then stept a gallant squier forth
 Witherington was his name
 *Who said I wold not have it told
 To Henry our king for shame

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
 And I stood looking on
 Ye be two erles said Witherington,
 ' And I a squier alone

Ile do the best that do I may
 While I have power to stand
 While I have power to wield my sword
 Ile fight with heart and hand

THE BATTLE

Our English archers bent their bowes,
 Their hearts were good and trew,
 At the first flight of arrowes sent
 Full fourscore Scots they slew

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
 As Chieftain stout and good
 As valiant Captain all unmoved
 The shock he firmly stood

His host he parted had in three
As leader ware and try d
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ,
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground

And throwing strait their bowes away
They grasped their swords so bright
And now sharp blows a heavy shewe
On shields and helmets light

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground

O Christ ! it was a grieve to see
And likewise for to heare
The cries of men lying in their gore
And scattered here and there !

At last these two stout erles did meet
Like captaines of great might
Like lions wode they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling downe did feele

Yield thee Lord Percy Douglas said
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James our Scottish king

Thy ransome I will freely give
 And this report of thee
 Thou art the most courageous knight,
 That ever I did see

'No, Douglas quoth Erle Percy then
 'Thy proffer I do scorne
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was borne'

With that, there came an arrow keene
 Out of an English bow
 Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow

Who never spake more words than these,
 'Fight on my merry men all
 For why my life is at an end
 Lord Percy sees my fall'

Then leaving life Erle Percy tooke
 The dead man by the hand
 And said 'Erle Douglas for thy life
 Wold I had lost my land'

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake,
 For sive, a more redoubted knight
 Mischance could never take

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percy

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called
 Who with a speare most bright
 W^tll-mounted on a gallant steed
 Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all
Without or dread or feare
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore
The staff ran through the other side
• A large cloth yard and more

So thus did both these nobles dye
Whose courage none could staine
An English archer then percerved
The noble Erle was slaine

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree
An arrow of a cloth yaid long
Up to the head drew he

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set
The grey goose winge that was thereon
In his heart s blode was wet

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done

THE SLAIN

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Fgerton
Sir Robert Ratchiff and Sir John
Sir James that bold baron

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount

For Witherington needs must I wayle
 As one in doleful dumpes
 For when his legs were smitten off
 He fought upon his stumpes

And with Erle Douglas there was slaine
 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
 Sir Charles Murray that from the field
 One foote would never flee

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratchiff, too
 His sister s sonne was he
 Sir David Lamb so well esteemed,
 Yet saved he could not be

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Erle Douglas dye
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speares
 Scarce fifty five did flye

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
 Went home but fifty three
 The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace
 Under the greene woode tree

Next day did many widdowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle,
 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
 But all wold not prevayle,

Their bodyes bathed in purple gore,
 They bore with them away,
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 Ere they were clad in clay

THE TIDINGS

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow
 Where Scotland s king did raigne
 That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
 Was with an arrow slaine

‘ O heavy newes King James did say,
Scotland may witnesse be
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as he

Like tydings to King Henry came
Within as short a space
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy Chace

‘ Now God be with him said our king,
Sith it will no better be
I trust I have within my realme
Five hundred as good as he

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take
I'll be revengèd on them all
For brave Erle Percy s sake

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne
In one day fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne

And of the rest of small account,
Did many thousands dye
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chace
Made by the Erle Percy

God save our king and bless this land
With plentye joy and peace
And grant henceforth that foule debate
Twixt noblemen may cease !

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The King sits in Dunfermline town
 Drinking the blude red wine
 'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o' mine ?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
 Sat at the King's right knee
 Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea

Our King has written a braid letter
 And sealed it wi' his hand
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the strand

'To Noroway to Noroway
 To Noroway o'er the faem
 The King's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame '

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud loud lauchèd he
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his ee

O wha is this has done this deed
 And tauld the King of me,
 To send us out at this time o' year
 To sail upon the sea ?

Be it wind be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem
 The King's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis we must bring her hame

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
 Wi' a the speed they may
 They hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday

They hadna been a week a weck
In Noroway but twae
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say

' Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud
And a' our Queenis fee
' Ye he, ye he ye hars loud
Fu' loud I hear ye he !'

For I brought as mickle white monie
As gane my men and me
And I brought a half fou' o' gude red goud
Out o'er the sea wi' me

Mak' ready mak ready my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn
Now ever alake my master dear
I fear a deadly storm

I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm
And if we gang to sea master
I fear we'll come to harm

They hadna sailed a league a league
A league but barely three
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea

' O where wi' I get a gude sailor
To tak' my helm in hand
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land ? '

O here am I a sailor gude
To tak' the helm in hand
Till you gae up to the tall topmast
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land

He hadna gane a step a step
 A step but barely ane
 When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in

' Gae fetch a web o' the silken clairth,
 Another o' the twine
 And wap them into our ship's side
 And letna the sea come in

They fetched a web o' the silken clairth,
 Another o' the twine
 And they wapped them round that gude ship's
 side
 But still the sea cam in

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their milk-white hands,
 But lang ere a' the play was ower
 They wat their gowden bands

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their cork heeled shoon
 But lang ere a' the play was played
 They wat their hats aboon

O lang lang may the ladies sit
 Wi' their fans intill their hand
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
 For them they'll see nae mair

Half ower, half ower to Ab^{er}dyⁿur
 It's fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet

XXVII

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

The fifteenth day of July
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field
The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughby

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee
With fifteen hundred fighting men
Alas! there were no more
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore

‘Stand to it, noble pikemen
And look you round about
And shoot you right you bow men,
And we will keep them out
You musquet and cailiver men
Do you prove true to me
I’ll be the bravest man in fight’
Says brave Lord Willoughby

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail
And fought it out most furiously
Not doubting to prevail
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
But nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby

For seven hours to all men s view
 This fight endurèd sore,
 Until our men so feeble grew
 That they could fight no more ,
 And then upon dead horses
 Full savourly they eat,
 And drank the puddle water
 That could no better get

When they had fed so freely
 They kneelèd on the ground
 And praised God devoutly
 For the favour they had found
 And bearing up their colours,
 The fight they did renew
 And cutting tow rds the Spaniard
 Five thousand more they slew

The sharp steel pointed arrows
 And bullets thick did fly
 Then did our valiant soldiers
 Charge on most furiously
 Which made the Spaniards waver
 They thought it best to flee
 They feared the stout behaviour
 Of brave Lord Willoughby

Then quoth the Spanish general
 'Come let us march away,
 I fear we shall be spoiltèd all
 If that we longer stay
 For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
 With courage fierce and fell
 He will not give one inch of ground
 For all the devils in hell '

And when the fearful enemy
 Was quickly put to flight
 Our men pursued courageously
 To rout his forces quite ,

And at last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky
God and St George for England !
The conquerors did cry

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory
O ! this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done !

To the soldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby

Then courage noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed !
If that we be but one to ten
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies
And set our country free
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby

xxviii

HUGHIE THE GRÆME

Good Lord Scroope to the hills is gane
Hunting of the fallow deer
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme
For stealing of the Bishop's mare

Now good Lord Scroope this may not be !
 Here hangs a broadsword by my side ,
 And if that thou canst conquer me
 The matter it may soon be tried

' I ne er was afraid of a traitor thief
 Although thy name be Hughie the Græme ,
 I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds
 If God but grant me life and time

But as they were dealing their blows so free
 And both so bloody at the time
 Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall
 All for to take bold Hughie the Græme

O then they grippit Hughie the Græme
 And brought him up through Carlisle town
 The lads and lasses stood on the walls ,
 Crying , ' Hughie the Græme thou se ne er gae
 down ! '

' O loose my right hand free he says
 And gie me my sword o the metal sae fine ,
 He's no in Carlisle town this day
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie the Græme '

Up then and spake the brave Whitefoord ,
 As he sat by the Bishop s knee
 ' Twenty white owsen my gude lord
 If ye ll grant Hughie the Græme to me '

' O haud your tongue , ' the Bishop says ,
 ' And wi your pleading let me be
 For tho ten Grahams were in his coat ,
 They suld be hangit a' for me

Up then and spake the fair Whitefoord ,
 As she sat by the Bishop s knee
 ' A peck o white pennies my good lord ,
 If ye ll grant Hughie the Græme to me

' O haud your tongue now lady fair
Forsooth and so it sall na be
Were he but the one Graham of the name,
He suld be hangit high for me

They ve ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his e e

He lookèd over his left shoulder
To try whatever he could see,
And he was aware of his auld father,
Tearing his hair most piteoushe

' O haud your tongue my father dear
And see that ye dinna weep for me !
For they may ravish me o' my life
But they canna banish me fro' Heaven hie

And ye may gie my brither John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear
And let him come at twelve o clock
And see me pay the Bishop's mare

And ye may gie my brither James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown
And bid him come at four o clock
And see his brither Hugh cut down

And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood
And when they meet the Bishop's cloak
To mak it shorter by the hood '

XXIX

KINMONT WILLIE

THE CAPTURE

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde ?
 O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
 How they hae ta'en bold Kinmont Wilhe,
 On Haribee to hang him up ?

Had Willie had but twenty men
 But twenty men as stout as he
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 Wi' eight score in his cumpanie

They band his legs beneath the steed
 They tied his hands behind his back
 They guarded him fivesome on each side
 And they brought him ower the Liddel rack

They led him thro' the Liddel rack
 And also thro' the Carlisle sands
 They brought him on to Carlisle castle
 To be at my Lord Scroope's commands

My hands are tied but my tongue is free,
 And wha will dare this deed avow ?
 Or answer by the Border law ?
 Or answer to the bold Buccleuch ?

Now haud thy tongue thou rank reiver !
 There's never a Scot shall set thee free
 Before ye cross my castle yett
 I trow ye shall take farewell o' me

' Fear na ye that my lord quo Willie
 By the faith o' my body Lord Scroope he said

' I never yet lodged in a hostelrie
 But I paid my lawing before I gaed

THE KEEPER'S WRATH

Now word is gane to the bold Keeper
In Branksome Ha where that he lay
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Wilhe,
Between the hours of night and day

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garred the red wine spring on hie
'Now a curse upon my head' he said
'But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be'

O is my basnet a widow's curch ?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree ?
Or my arm a lady's lily hand
That an English lord should lightly me !

And have they ta'en him Kinmont Willie
Against the truce of Border tide ?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Is keeper here on the Scottish side ?

And have they e'en ta'en him Kinmont Willie
Withouten either dread or fear ?
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear ?

O were there war between the lands
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone

I would set that castle in a lowe
And slocken it with English blood !
There's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood

But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace and peace should be
I'll neither harm English lad or lass
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be !

THE MARCH

He has called him forty Marchmen bold
 I trow they were of his ain name,
 Except Sir Gilbert Elliot called
 The Laird of Stobs I mean the same

He has called him forty Marchmen bold
 Were kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch
 With spur on heel and splent on spauld
 And glubes of green and feathais blue

There were five and five before them a ,
 Wi hunting horns and bugles bright
 And five and five cam wi Buccleuch
 Like warden s men, arrayed for fight

And five and five like a mason gang
 That carried the ladders lang and hie
 And five and five like broken men
 And so they reached the Woodhouselee

And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,
 When to the English side we held,
 The first o' men that we met wi
 Whae suld it be but fause Sakelde ?

' Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen ? '
 Quo' fause Sakelde ' come tell to me ! '
 ' We go to hunt an English stag
 Has trespassed on the Scots countrie '

' Where be ye gaun ye marshal men ? '
 Quo' fause Sakelde come tell me true ! '
 We go to catch a rank rever
 Has broken faith wi the bold Buccleuch '

' Where are ye gaun ye mason lads
 Wi a your ladders lang and hie ?
 ' We gang to herry a corbie s nest
 That wons not far frae Woodhouselee

‘ Where be ye gaun ye broken men ? ’
Quo fause Sakeilde come tell to me !
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band
And the never a word of lear had he

‘ Why trespass ye on the English side ?
Row footed outlaws stand ! quo he
The never a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie

Then on we held for Carlisle toun
And at Staneshaw Bank the Eden we crossed,
The water was great and meikle of spairt
But the never a horse nor man we lost

And when we reached the Staneshaw Bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie
And there the Laird garred leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh

And when we left the Staneshaw-Bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw
But twas wind and weet and fire and sleet
When we came beneath the castle wa

We crept on knees and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’ ,
And sae ready was Buccleuch himself
To mount the first before us a

He has ta en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead
Had there not been peace between our lands
Upon the other side thou’dst gaed !

Now sound out, trumpets ! quo’ Buccleuch
‘ Let s waken Lord Scroope right merrilie ! ’
Then loud the warden s trumpet blew
O wha dare meddle wi me ?

THE RESCUE

Then speedilie to wark we gaed
 And raised the slogan ane and a
 And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
 And so we wan to the castle ha

They thought King James and a his men
 Had won the house wi bow and spear
 It was but twenty Scots and ten
 That put a thousand in sic a stear !

Wi coulters and wi forehammers
 We garred the bars bang merrilie
 Until we came to the inner prison
 Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
 Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie
 O sleep ye wake ye Kinmont Willie
 Upon the morn that thou s to die ?

O I sleep saft and I wake aft
 It s lang since sleeping was fleyed frae me !
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns
 And a gude fellows that spier for me

Then Red Rowan has hente him up
 The starker man in Teviotdale
 'Abide abide now Red Rowan
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell

Farewell farewell my gude Lord Scroope !
 My gude Lord Scroope farewell ! he cried
 I ll pay you for my lodging maill
 When first we meet on the Border side '

Then shoulder high with shout and cry
 We bore him down the ladder lang
 At every stride Red Rowan made
 I wot the Kinmont s airns played clang

O mony a time quo Kinmont Willie,
I have ridden horse baith wild and wood
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne er bestrode

And mony a time quo Kinmont Willie
I ve pricked a horse out oure the furs
But since the day I backed a steed
• I never wore sic cumbrous spurs !

We scarce had won the Staneshaw Bank,
When a the Carlisle bells were rung
And a thousand men on horse and foot
Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along

Buckleuch has turned to Eden Water
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi a his band
And safely swam them through the stream

He turned him on the other side
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he
• If ye like na my visit in merrie England
In fair Scotland come visit me !

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope
He stood as still as rock of stane ,
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
When through the water they had gane

‘ He is either himsell a devil frae hell
Or else his mother a witch maun be
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a the gowd in Christentie

XXX

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

Attend you, and give ear awhile,
 And you shall understand
 Of a battle fought upon the seas
 By a ship of brave command
 The fight it was so glorious
 Men's hearts it did fulfil
 And it made them cry 'To sea to sea,
 With the Angel Gabriel!'

This lusty ship of Bristol
 Sailed out adventurously
 Against the foes of England
 Her strength with them to try
 Well victualled rigged and manned she was,
 With good provision still
 Which made men cry 'To sea to sea,
 With the Angel Gabriel'

The Captain famous Netherway
 (That was his noble name)
 The Master—he was called John Mines—
 A mariner of fame
 The Gunner Thomas Watson,
 A man of perfect skill
 With many another valiant heart
 In the Angel Gabriel

They waving up and down the seas
 Upon the ocean main
 It is not long ago quoth they
 'That England fought with Spain
 O would the Spaniard we might meet
 Our stomachs to fulfil!
 We would play him fair a noble bout
 With our Angel Gabriel!'

They had no sooner spoken
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of warlike trim and might
With bloody resolution
They thought our men to spill,
And they vowed that they would make a prize
Of our Angel Gabriel

Our gallant ship had in her
Full forty fighting men
With twenty piece of ordnance
We played about them then
With powder shot and bullets
Right well we worked our will
And hot and bloody grew the fight
With our Angel Gabriel

Our Captain to our Master said
Take courage Master bold !
Our Master to the seamen said
Stand fast my hearts of gold !
Our Gunner unto all the rest
Brave hearts be valiant still !
Fight on fight on in the defence
Of our Angel Gabriel !

We gave them such a broadside
It smote their mast asunder
And tore the bowsprit off their ship
Which made the Spaniards wonder,
And caused them in fear to cry
With voices loud and shrill
' Help help or sunken we shall be
By the Angel Gabriel !

So desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot,
Threescore of their best fighting men
Upon our decks were got ,

And lo ! at their first entrances
Full thirty did we kill
And thus with speed we cleared the deck
Of our Angel Gabriel

With that their three ships boorded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out, A fig for Spain !
Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill
And made them feel what men we were
On the Angel Gabriel

Seven hours this fight continued
So many men lay dead
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
The sea was coloured red
Five hundred of their fighting men
We there outright did kill
And many more were hurt and maimed
By our Angel Gabriel

Then seeing of these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away
For why they said it was no boot
The longer there to stay
Then they fled into Cales
Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
With our Angel Gabriel

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain
And five men hurt the which I hope
Will soon be well again
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our lusty hearts
And our Angel Gabriel

HELLN OF KIRKCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies
Night and day on me she cries
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot
When in my arms burd Helen dropt
And died to succour me !

O thinkna ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down and spak' nae mair?
There did she swoon wi meikle care
On fair Kirkconnell lea

As I went down the water side
None but my foe to be my guide
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell lea

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma
I hacked him in pieces sma
For her sake that died for me

O Helen fair beyond compare !
I'll mak a garland o thy han
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee !

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ,
Out of my bed she bids me rise
Says Haste and come to me !

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lea

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding sheet drawn ower my e'en
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirkconnell lea

I wish I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries
 And I am weary of the skies
 For her sake that died for me

XXXII

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alone
 I heard twa corbies making a mane
 The tane unto the tither say
 'Where shall we gang and dine the day ?'

' In behint yon auld fail dyke
 I wot there lies a new slain knight
 And naebody kens that he lies there
 But his hawk his hound, and his lady fair

His hound is to the hunting gane
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame
 His lady's ta'en another mate
 Sae we may mak our dinner sweet

Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane
 And I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

Mony a one for him makes mane,
 But nae shall ken where he is gane
 O'er his white banes when they are bare,
 The wind shall blaw for evermair

XXXIII

THE BARD

Ruin seize thee ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait !
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
• They mock the air with idle state
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail
Nor even thy virtues tyrant shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears
From Cambria's curse from Cambria's tears !'
Such were the sounds that over the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance
'To arms !' cried Mortimer and couched his
quivering lance

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns over old Conway's foaming flood
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre
'Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
Over thee O King ! their hundred arms they
wave
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe
Vocal no more since Cambria's fatal day,
To high born Huel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue
That hushed the stormy main
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed
Mountains, ye mourn in vain

Modred whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud topt head
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale
 Far far aloof the affrighted ravens sail
 The famished eagle screams and passes by
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—
 No more I weep They do not sleep
 On yonder cliffs a grisly band,
 I see them sit they linger yet
 Avengers of their native land
 With me in dreadful harmony they join
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line

' Weave the warp and weave the woof
 The winding sheet of Edward's race
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace
 Mark the year and mark the night
 When Severn shall be echo with affright
 The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that
 ring
 Shrieks of an agonising king!
 She wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear st the bowels of thy mangled mate
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country
 hangs
 The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him
 wait!
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined
 And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind

' Mighty victor, mighty lord
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart no eye afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies

Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone He rests among the dead
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn
Fair laughs the Morn and soft the zephyr blows
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm ,
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening
prey

Fill high the sparkling bowl
The rich repast prepare
Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest
Heard ye the din of battle bray
Lance to lance and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course
And through the kindred squadrons mow their
way
Ye towers of Julius London's lasting shame
With many a foul and midnight murder fed
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame
And spare the meek usurper's holy head !
Above below the rose of snow
Twined with her blushing foe we spread
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade
Now brothers bending o'er the accursed loom
Stamp we our vengeance deep and ratify his
doom
Edward lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof the thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate
(The web is wove the work is done)
Stay O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed unpitied here to mourn

In yon bright track that fires the western skies
 They melt they vanish from my eyes
 But O ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon s height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory spare my aching sight
 Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long lost Arthur we bewail
 All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia s issue hail !

‘ Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear
 And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line
 Her lion-port her awe commanding face
 Attempered sweet to virgin grace
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air
 What strains of vocal transport round her
 play ?
 Hear from the grave great Tallessin hear
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay
 Bright Rapture calls and soaring as she sings
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many coloured
 wings

The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love
 And Truth severe by fairy fiction drest
 In buskinèd measures move
 Pale Grief and pleasing Pain
 With Horror tyrant of the throbbing breast
 A voice as of the cherub chor
 Gales from blooming Eden bear
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire
 Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine
 cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb
 of day ?
 To morrow he repairs the golden flood
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray

Enough for me with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign
 Be thine Despair and sceptred Care
 To triumph and to die are mine
 He spoke and headlong from the mountain's
 height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
 night

Gray

XXXIV

THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave !
 The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
 Whose courage well was tried
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side

A land breeze shook the shrouds
 And she was overset
 Down went the Royal George
 With all her crew complete

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempfelt is gone ,
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done

It was not in the battle
 No tempest gave the shock ,
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock

His sword was in its sheath
 His fingers held the pen ,
 When Kempfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men

Weigh the vessel up
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes

Her timbers yet are sound
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main

But Kempenfelt is gone
 His victories are o'er
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more

XXXV

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought with an indignant mien
 Counsel of her country's gods

Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief

' Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs
 Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues

Rome shall perish — write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt

Rome for empire far renowned
Tramples on a thousand states
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier s name
Sounds not arms shall win the prize
Harmony the path to fame

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land
Armed with thunder clad with wings
Shall a wider world command

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway
Where his eagles never flew
None invincible as they

Such the bard s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre

She with all a monarch s pride
Felt them in her bosom glow
Rushed to battle fought, and died,
Dying hurled them at the foe

‘ Ruffians pitiless as proud
Heaven awards the vengeance due
Empire is on us bestowed
Shame and ruin wait for you

XXXVI

TO HIS LADY

If doughty deeds my lady please
 Right soon I'll mount my steed
 And strong his arm and fast his seat
 That bears frae me the meed
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap
 Thy picture at my heart
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart !
 Then tell me how to woo thee Love
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me

If gay attire delight thine eye
 I'll dight me in array
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night
 And squire thee all the day
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear
 These sounds I'll strive to catch
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself
 That voice that nane can match

But if fond love thy heart can gain
 I never broke a vow
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you
 For you alone I ride the ring
 For you I wear the blue
 For you alone I strive to sing,
 O tell me how to woo !
 Then tell me how to woo thee Love
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake nae care I'll take
 Tho' ne'er another trow me

XXXVII

CONSTANCY

Blow high blow low let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board
My heart with thoughts of thee my dear
• And love well stored
Shall brave all danger scorn all fear
The roaring winds the raging sea
In hopes on shore to be once more
Safe moored with thee !
Altoft while mountains high we go
The whistling winds that scud along
And surges roaring from below
Shall my signal be to think on thee
And this shall be my song
Blow high blow low—

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be
Blow high blow low—

XXXVIII

THE PERFECT SAILOR

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew
No more he'll hear the tempest howling
For death has broached him to
His form was of the manliest beauty
His heart was kind and soft
Faithful below he did his duty
But now he's gone aloft

Tom never from his word departed
 His virtues were so rare
 His friends were many and true hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair
 And then he d sing so blithe and jolly
 Ah many s the time and oft !
 But mirth is turned to melancholy
 For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands
 Shall give to call life s crew together
 The word to pipe all hands
 Thus Death who kings and tars despatches
 In vain Tom s life has doffed
 For though his body s under hatches
 His soul has gone aloft

Dibdin

XXXIX

THE DESERTER

If sadly thinking
 With spirits sinking
 Could more than drinking
 My cares compose
 A cure for sorrow
 From sighs I d borrow
 And hope to morrow
 Would end my woes
 But as in wailing
 There s nought availing
 And Death unfailing
 Will strike the blow
 Then for that reason
 And for a season
 Let us be merry
 Before we go

To joy a stranger
A way worn ranger
In every danger
 My course I've run
Now hope all ending
And Death befriending
His last aid lending
 My cares are done
No more a rover
Or hapless lover
My griefs are over
 My glass runs low
Then for that reason,
And for a season
Let us be merry
Before we go !

Curran

XL

THE ARETHUSA

Come all ye jolly sailors bold
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould
While English glory I unfold
 Huzza for the Arethusa !
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch
And when the foe shall meet our fire
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
 On board of the Arethusa

Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about
When four French sail in show so stout
 Bore down on the Arethusa
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did he,
The Arethusa seemed to fly
 Not a sheet, or a tack
 Or a brace, did she slack ,

Though the Frenchman laughed and thought it
stuff
But they knew not the handful of men how
tough
On board of the Arethusa

On deck five hundred men did dance
The stoutest they could find in France
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa
Our captain hailed the Frenchman Ho !
The Frenchman then cried out Hallo !
Bear down d ye see
To our Admiral s lee !
'No no says the Frenchman that can t be !
'Then I must lug you along with me
Says the saucy Arethusa

The fight was off the Frenchman's land
We forced them back upon their strand
For we fought till not a stick could stand
Of the gallant Arethusa
And now we ve driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more
Let each fill his glass
To his fav rite lass ,
A health to our captain and officers true
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa

Prince Hoare

xli

THE BEAUTY OF TERROR

Tiger tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?
And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?
What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?
When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?
Tiger tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

Blake

XLII

DEFIANCE

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie
M Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree

Sae rantingly sae wantonly
Sae dauntingly gaed he
He played a spring and danced it round,
Below the gallows tree

Oh what is death but parting breath ?—
On monie a bloody plain
I've dared his face and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands
 And bring to me my sword !
 And there's no a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word

I've lived a life of sturt and strife
 I die by treacherie
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avengèd be

Now farewell light thou sunshine bright
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name
 The wretch that dares not die !

Sae rantingly sae wantonly
 Sae dauntingly gaed he
 He played a spring and danced it round
 Below the gallows tree

XLIII

THE GOAL OF LIFE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never brought to min ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days o lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne
 We'll tak a cup o kindness yet
 For auld lang syne

And surely ye'll be youi pint stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine
 And we'll tak a cup o kindness yet
 For auld lang syne

We twa hae run about the braes
 And pu'd the gow'ns fine
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne

We twa hae paidled i' the burn
 From mornin sun till dine
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin' auld lang syne

And here's a hand my trustyiere
 And gie's a hand o' thine
 And we'll tak a right guid wifie waught
 For auld lang syne

For auld lang syne my dear
 For auld lang syne
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne

XLIV

BEFORE PARTING

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine
 An' fill it in a silver tassie
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry
 The ship rides by the Berwick law
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary

The trumpets sound the banners fly
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready
 The shouts o' war are heard afar
 The battle closes thick and bloody
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shout o' war that's heid afar
 It's leaving thee my bonnie Mary

XLV

DEVOTION

O Mary at thy window be
 It is the wished the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That mak the miser's treasure poor
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun
 Could I the rich reward secure
 The lovely Mary Morison !

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha
 To thee my fancy took its wing
 I sat but neither heard or saw
 Tho this was fair and that was braw
 And yon the toast of a the toun
 I sighed and said amang them a
 Ye are na Mary Morison

O Mary canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie
 At least be pity to me shown !
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o Mary Morison

XLVI

TRUE UNTIL DEATH

It was a for our rightfu King
 We left fair Scotland's strand
 It was a for our rightfu King
 We e'er saw Irish land
 My dear
 We e'er saw Irish land

Now a is done that men can do
 And a is done in vain
 My love and native land farewell
 For I maun cross the main
 My dear
 For I maun cross the main

He turned him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shoie
 And gae his bridle reins a shake
 With adieu for evermore,
 My dear
 Adieu for evermore

The sodger from the wars returns
 The sailor frae the main
 But I hae parted frae my love
 Never to meet again
 My dear
 Never to meet again

When day is gane and night is come
 And a folk bound in sleep
 I think on him that's far awa
 The lee lang night and weep
 My dear
 The lee lang night and weep

Burns

XLVII

VENICE

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
 And was the safeguard of the West the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth
 Venice the eldest Child of Liberty
 She was a maiden City bright and free,
 No guile seduced no force could violate
 And when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea

And what if she had seen those glories fade
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day
 Men are we and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great is passed away

XLVIII

DESTINY

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom which to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed with pomp of waters unworth
 stood'
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old
 We must be free or die who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals
 hold
 Which Milton held In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood have titles manifold

XLIX

THE MOTHERLAND

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great Nations how ennobling thoughts depart
 When men change swords for ledgers and desert
 The student's bower for gold some fears unnamed
 I had my Country!—am I to be blamed?
 But when I think of thee and what thou art
 Verify in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed

But dearly must we prize thee we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men
And I by my affection was beguiled
What wonder if a Poet now and then
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

L

IDEAL

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour
England hath need of thee she is a fen
Of stagnant waters altar sword and pen
Fireside the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness We are selfish men
O raise us up return to us again
And give us manners virtue freedom power !
Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea
Pure as the naked heavens majestic free
So didst thou travel on life s common way
In cheerful godliness and yet thy heart
The lowhest duties on itself did lay

LI

TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide a rod
To check the erring and reprove
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawé
From vain temptations dost set free
And calm st the weary strife of frail humanity

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them who in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot
 Who do thy work and know it not
 May joy be theirs while life shall last
 And Thou if they should totter teach them
 stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright
 And happy will our nature be
 When love is an unerring light
 And joy its own security
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now who not unwise bold
 Live in the spirit of this creed
 Yet find that other strength, according to their
 need

I loving freedom and untried
 No sport of every random gust
 Yet being to myself a guide
 Too blindly have reposed my trust
 And oft when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate I deferred
 The task in smoother walks to stray
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
 may

Through no disturbance of my soul
 Or strong compunction in me wrought
 I supplicate for thy control
 But in the quietness of thought
 Me this unchartered freedom tires
 I feel the weight of chance desires
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
 And the most ancient heavens through thee are
 fresh and strong

To humbler functions awful Power !
 I call thee I myself command
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ,
 O let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self sacrifice
 The confidence of reason give
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

LII

TWO VICTORIES

I said when evil men are strong
 No life is good no pleasure long
 A weak and cowardly untruth !
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth
 And thankful through a weary time
 That brought him up to manhood sp me
 Again he wanders forth at will
 And tends a flock from hill to hill
 His garb is humble ne er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate
 Hath he a Child of strength and state !
 Yet lacks not friends for simple glee
 Nor yet for higher sympathy
 To his side the fallow deer
 Came and rested without fear

The eagle lord of land and sea
Stooped down to pay him fealty
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality
And glancing gleaming dark or bright
Moved to and fro for his delight
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant
He hath kenned them taking wing
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered and been told
By Voices how men lived of old
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be
And if that men report him right
His tongue could whisper words of might
Now another day is come
Fitter hope and nobler doom
He hath th'own aside his crook
And hath buried deep his book
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls
Quell the Scot ! exclaims the Lance
' Bear me to the heart of France
Is the longing of the Shield
Tell thy name thou trembling field
Field of death where er thou be
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day and mighty hour
When our Shepherd in his power
Mailed and horsed with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a reappearing Star
Like a glory from afar
First shall head the flock of war !

IN MEMORIAM

NELSON PITT FOX

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings
The genial call dead Nature hears
And in her glory reappears
But O my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise
The mind that thought for Britain's weal
The hand that grasped the victor's steel ?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows
But vainly vainly may he shine
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds O PITT thy hallowed tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart
O never let those names depart !
Say to your sons —Lo here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave
To him as to the burning levin
Short bright resistless course was given
Where er his country's foes were found
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore
Rolled, blazed destroyed,—and was no more

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt Hafnia Trafalgar
Who born to guide such high emprise
For Britain's weal was early wise
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave
For Britain's sins an early grave !

His worth who in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power
Spurned at the sordid lust of self
And served his Albion for himself
Who when the frantic crowd a main
Strained at subjection's bursting vein
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained
The pride he would not crush restrained
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the free
man's laws

Hadst thou but lived though stripped of power
A watchman on the lonely tower
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land
When fraud or danger were at hand
By thee as by the beacon light
Our pilots had kept course aright
As some proud column though alone
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne
Now is the stately column broke
The beacon light is quenched in smoke
The trumpet's silver sound is still
The warder silent on the hill !

O think how to his latest day
When death just hovering claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood
Firm at his dangerous post he stood
Each call for needful rest repelled
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till in his fall with fateful sway
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then while on Britain's thousand plains
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound
But still upon the hallowed day
Convoke the swains to praise and pray
While faith and civil peace are dear
Grace this cold marble with a tear —
He who preserved them Pitt lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous *s* gh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb
For talents mourn untimely lost
When best employed and wanted most
Mourn genius high and lore profound
And wit that loved to play not wound
And all the reasoning powers divine
To penetrate resolve combine
And feelings keen and fancy's glow—
They sleep with him who sleeps below
And if thou mourn st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave
Be every harsher thought suppressed
And sacred be the last long rest
Here where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes patriots bards and kings
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought and spoke and sung
Here where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song
As if some angel spoke agen
'All peace on earth good will to men
If ever from an English heart,
O *here* let prejudice depart
And partial feeling cast aside
Record that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned
The sullied olive branch returned
Stood for his country's glory fast
And nailed her colours to the mast !
Heaven to reward his firmness gave
A portion in this honoured grave
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust

With more than mortal powers endowed,
 How high they soared above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place
 Like fabled Gods their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar
 Beneath each banner proud to stand
 Looked up the noblest of the land
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 Ever framed in dark Thessalian cave
 Though his could drain the ocean dry
 And force the planets from the sky
 These spells are spent and, spent with these
 The wine of life is on the lees
 Genius and taste and talent gone
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier
 Over Pitt's the mournful requiem sound
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound
 The solemn echo seems to cry —
 'Here let their discord with them die
 Speak not for those a separate doom
 Whom fate made Brothers in the tomb
 But search the land of living men
 Where wilt thou find their like again

LIV

LOCHINVAR

O young Lochinvar is come out o' the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had
 none
 He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar

He staid not for brake and he stopped not for
stone
He swam the Eske river where ford there was
none
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented the gallant came
late
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall
Among bride's men and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all
Then spoke the bride's father his hand on his
sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
a word)
O come ye in peace here or come ye in war
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-
var ?

I long wooed your daughter my suit you
denied
Love swells like the Solway but ebbs like its tide
And now am I come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure drink one cup of wine
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
var

The bride kissed the goblet the knight took
it up
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the
cup
She looked down to blush and she looked up to
sigh
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar
Now tread we a measure ! said young Lochin-
var

So stately his form and so lovely her face
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace
 While her mother did fret and her father did
 fume
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
 and plume
 And the bride maidens whispered Twere better
 by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young
 Lochinvar

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear
 When they reached the hall door and the charger
 stood near
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 She is won ! we are gone over bank bush, and
 scaur
 They ll have fleet steeds that follow quoth
 young Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
 Netherby clan
 Forsters Fenwicks and Musgraves they rode
 and they ran
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne er did they see
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war
 Have you e'er heard of gallant like young
 Lochinvar ?

FLODDEN

THE MARCH

Next morn the Baron climbed the tower
 To view afar the Scottish power
 Encamped on Flodden edge

The white pavilions made a show
Like remnants of the winter snow
 Along the dusky ridge
Long Marmion looked at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines
The Scottish host drawn out appears
For flashing on the hedge of spears
• The eastern sunbeam shines
Their front now deepening now extending
Their flank inclining wheeling bending
Now drawing back and now descending
The skilful Marmion well could know
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below

Even so it was From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore wood their evening post
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel bridge
High sight it is and haughty while
They dive into the deep defile
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall
Beneath the castle's airy wall
By rock by oak by hawthorn tree
Troop after troop are disappearing
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see
Still pouring down the rocky den
Where flows the sullen Till
And rising from the dim wood glen
Standards on standards men on men
 In slow succession still
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch
And pressing on in ceaseless march
 To gain the opposing hill
That morn to many a trumpet clang
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang
And many a chief of birth and rank
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank

Thy hawthorn glade which now we see
 In spring tide bloom so lavishly
 Had then from many an axe its doom
 To give the marching columns room

And why stands Scotland idly now
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow
 Since England gains the pass the while
 And struggles through the deep defile ?
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed
 And sees beween him and his land
 Between him and Tweed s southern strand
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?
 What vails the vain knight errant s brand ?
 O Douglas for thy leading wand !
 Fiece Randolph for thy speed !
 O for one hour of Wallace wight
 Or weil skilled Bruce to rule the fight
 And cry Saint Andrew and our ight !
 Another sight had seen that morn
 From Fate s dark book a leaf been torn
 And Flodden had been Bannockburn !
 The precious hour has passed in vain
 And England s host has gained the plain
 Wheeling their march and circling still
 Around the base of Flodden hill

THE ATTACK

But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent
 And sudden as he spoke
 From the sharp ridges of the hill
 All downward to the banks of Till
 Was wreathed in sable smoke
 Volumed and fast and rolling far
 The cloud enveloped Scotland s war,
 As down the hill they broke ,

Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
Announced their march their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown
 At times a stifled hum
Told England from his mountain throne
 King James did rushing come
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
 Until at weapon point they close
•They close in clouds of smoke and dust
With sword sway and with lance's thrust
 And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air
O life and death were in the shout
Recoil and rally charge and rout
 And triumph and despair
Long looked the anxious squires their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears
And in the smoke the pennons flew
As in the storm the white sea mew
Then marked they dashing broad and far
The broken billows of the war
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave
 But nought distinct they see
Wide raged the battle on the plain
Spears shook and falchions flashed amain
Fell England's arrow flight like rain
Crests rose and stooped and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly
Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly
And stainless Tunstall's banner white
And Edmund Howard's lion bright
Still bear them bravely in the fight

Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one
And many a stubborn Badenoch man
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home

Far on the left unseen the while
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside
And with both hands the broadsword plied
Twas vain but Fortune on the right
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry
Loud were the clanging blows
Advanced, forced back now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose
As bends the bark's mast in the gale
When rent are rigging shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes

THE LAST STAND

By this though deep the evening fell
Still rose the battle's deadly swell
For still the Scots around their King
Unbroken fought in desperate ring
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly and where Home ?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died !

Such blast might warn them not in vain
To quit the plunder of the slain
And turn the doubtful day again
 While yet on Flodden side
Afar the Royal Standard flies
And round it toils and bleeds and dies
 Our Caledonian pride !

But as they left the dark ning heath
More desperate grew the strife of death
The English shafts in volleys hailed
In headlong charge their horse assailed
Front, flank and rear the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
 That fought around their King
But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go
Though bill men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood
Each stepping where his comrade stood
 The instant that he fell
No thought was there of dastard flight
Linked in the serried phalanx tight
Groom fought like noble squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King
Then skilful Surrey s sage commands
Led back from strife hr shattered bands ,
 And from the charge they drew
As mountain waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue
Then did their loss his foemen know
Their King their Lords their mightiest
 low
They melted from the field, as snow
When streams are swoln and south winds
 blow
 Dissolves in silent dew

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band
 Disordered through her currents dash
 To gain the Scottish land
 To town and tower, to town and dale
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale
 And raise the universal wail
 Tradition legend, tune and song
 Shall many an age that wail prolong
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear
 Of Flodden's fatal field
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield !

LVI

THE CHASE

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvorlich's head
 The deep mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way
 And faint from farther distance borne
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn
 As Chief who hears his warder call
 To arms ! the foemen storm the wall
 The antlered monarch of the waste
 Sprang from his heathery couch in haste
 But ere his fleet career he took
 The dew drops from his flanks he shook,
 Like crested leader proud and high
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky,
 A moment gazed adown the dale
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,

A moment listened to the cry
That thickened as the chase drew nigh
Then as the headmost foes appeared
With one brave bound the copse he cleared
And stretching forward free and far
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var

Yelled on the view the opening pack
Rock glen and cavern paid them back
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong
Clattered a hundred steeds along
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joined the shout
With hark and whoop and wild halloo
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew
Far from the tumult fled the roe
Close in her covert cowered the doe
The falcon from her cairn on high
Cast on the rout a wondering eye
Till far beyond her piecing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen
Faint and more faint its failing din
Returned from cavern cliff and linn
And silence settled wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam Var
And roused the cavern where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun
And many a gallant stayed perforce,
Was faint to breathe his faltering horse
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried

The noble stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow
 Where broad extended far beneath
 The varied realms of fair Menteith
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor
 And pondered refuge from his toil
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle
 But nearer was the copsewood grey
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray
 And mingled with the pine trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue
 Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race
 And left behind the panting chase

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus more
 What reins were tightened in despair
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,
 For twice that day from shore to shore
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er
 Few were the stragglers following far
 That reached the lake of Vennachar
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
 The headmost horseman rode alone

Alone but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel
 For jaded now and spent with toil
 Embossed with foam and dark with soil
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The labouring stag strained full in view
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
 Unmatched for courage breath and speed
 Fast on his flying traces came
 And all but won that desperate game
 For scarce a spear's length from his haunch
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch,

Nor nearer might the dogs attain
Nor farther might the quarry strain
Thus up the margin of the lake
Between the precipice and brake
O'er stock and rock their race they take

The Hunter marked that mountain high
•The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay
Where that huge rampart barred the way
Already glorying in the prize
Measured his antlers with his eyes
For the death wound and death halloo
Mustered his breath his whinyard drew
But thundering as he came prepared
With ready arm and weapon bared
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took
There while close couched the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again

Close to the hounds the hunter came
To cheer them on the vanished game,
But stumbling in the rugged dell
The gallant horse exhausted fell
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein
For the good steed his labours o'er
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more,
Then touched with pity and remorse
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse
I little thought when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,

That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs my matchless steed !
 Woe worth the chase woe worth the day
 That costs thy life my gallant grey !

Then through the dell his horn resounds
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds
 Back limped with slow and crippled pace
 The sulky leaders of the chase
 Close to their master's side they pressed,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest
 But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolonged the swelling bugle note
 The owlets started from their dream
 The eagles answered with their scream
 Round and around the sounds were cast
 Till echo seemed an answering blast
 And on the hunter hied his way,
 To join some comrade of the day

THE OUTLAW

O Brignall banks are wild and fair
 And Greta woods are green
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen
 And as I rode by Dalton hall
 Beneath the turrets high
 A Maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily

O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen

' If Maiden thou wouldest wend with me
To leave both tower and town
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down
And if thou canst that riddle read
As read full well you may
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blythe as Queen of May

Yet sang she ' Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen

I read you by your bugle horn
And by your palfrey good
I read you for a Ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood
A Ranger, lady, winds his horn
And tis at peep of light
His blast is heard at merry moin
And mine at dead of night

Yet sang she Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May !

With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum
' I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear,
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear

And O ! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May !

Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I'll die !
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead,
 Were better mate than I !
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough
 What once we were we all forget
 Nor think what we are now
 Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair
 And Greta woods are green
 And you may gather gairlands there
 Would grace a summer queen ,

LVIII

PIBROCH

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil
 Wake thy wild voice anew
 Summon Clan Conuil
 Come away come away
 Hark to the summons !
 Come in your war array
 Gentles and commons
 Come from deep glen and
 From mountain so rocky
 The war pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky
 Come every hill plaid and
 True heart that wears one
 Come every steel blade and
 Strong hand that bears one
 Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar

Leave the deer leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges
Come with your fighting gear
Broadswords and targes

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded
Faster come faster come
Faster and faster
Chief vassal page and groom
Tenant and master

Fast they come fast they come
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather
Cast your plaids draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

LIX

THE OMNIPOTENT

' Why sitt st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou agèd carle so stern and grey ?
Dost thou its former pride recall
Or ponder how it passed away ?

' Know st thou not me ?' the Deep Voice cried ,
So long enjoyed so often misused
Alternate in thy fickle pride
Desired neglected and accused !

Before my breath like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away !
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded flourish and decay

Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand grains shiver
 And measureless thy joy or grief
 When TIME and thou shalt part for ever !

LX

THE RED HARLAW

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
 The mackerel loves the wind
 But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
 For they come of a gentle kind

Now haud your tongue baith wife and carle,
 And histen great and sma
 And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
 That fought on the red Harlaw

The cronach's cried on Bennachie
 And doun the Don and a
 And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
 For the sair field of Harlaw

They saddled a hundred milk white steeds
 They hae bridled a hundred black
 With a chafron of steel on each horse's head
 And a good knight upon his back

They hadna ridden a mile a mile
 A mile but barely ten
 When Donald came branking down the brae
 Wi twenty thousand men

Their tartans they were waving wide,
 Their glaives were glancing clear,
 'e pibrochs rang frae side to side,
 Would deafen ye to hear

The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see
Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie

What woldst thou do my squire so gay
That rides beside my reyne
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day
' And I were Roland Cheyne ?

To turn the rein were sin and shame
To fight were wondrous peril
What wold ye do now Roland Cheyne
Were ye Glenallan's Earl ?

' Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide
And ye were Roland Cheyne
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane

If they hae twenty thousand blades
And we twice ten times ten
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids
And we are mail clad men

My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude
As through the moorland fern
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne

LXI

FAREWELL

Farewell ! Farewell ! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you
Its next must join the seaward cheer
And shout among the shouting crew

The accents which I scarce could form
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm
To cut the mast and clear the wreck

The timid eye I dared not raise
 The hand that shook when pressed to thine,
 Must point the guns upon the chase
 Must bid the deadly cutlass shine

To all I love or hope or fear
 Honour or own a long adieu !
 To all that life has soft and dear
 Farewell ! save memory of you !

LXII

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention twas Claver se who
 spoke
 Ere the King s crown shall fall there are crowns
 to be broke
 So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee

Come fill up my cup come fill up my can
 Come saddle your horses and call up your
 men
 Come open the West Port and let me gang
 free,
 And it s room for the bonnets of Bonny
 Dundee !

Dundee he is mounted he rides up the street
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they
 are beat
 But the Provost, douce man, said, Just e en let
 him be
 The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
 Dundee

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
~~the~~ Bow
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ,

But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking luck to thy bonnet thou Bonny
Dundee !

With sour featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
crammed
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged
There was spite in each look there was fear in
each ee
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears
And lang hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers
But they shrunk to close heads and the cause-
way was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke
Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee '

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes
Where er shall direct me the shade of Mon
trose !
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of
me
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth
If there s lords in the Lowlands, there s chiefs
in the North
There are wild Dunnewassals three thousand
times three
Will cry hoigh ! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee

There's brass on the target of barkened bull
 hide
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside
The brass shall be burnished the steel shall flash
 free
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee
 '
 ' Away to the hills to the caves to the rocks
 Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox,
 And tremble false Whigs in the midst of your
 glee
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
 me !
 He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets
 were blown,
 The kettle drums clashed and the horsemen
 rode on
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
 Died away the wild war notes of Bonny Dundee
 Come fill my cup come fill up my can
 Come saddle the horses and call up the men
 Come open your gates and let me gae free
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !

Sir Walter Scott

LXIII

ROMANCE

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure dome decree
 Where Alph, the sacred river ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,
 And here were forests ancient as the hills
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But O ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover !
And from this chasm with ceaseless turmoil
seething

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced
Amid whose swift half intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran
Then reached the caverns measureless to man
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song
To such a deep delight twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there
And all should cry Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey dew hath fed
 And drunk the milk of Paradise

Coleridge

LXIV

SACRIFICE

Iphigeneia when she heard her doom
 At Aulis, and when all beside the King
 Had gone away took his right hand and said
 'O father! I am young and very happy
 I do not think the pious Calchas heard
 Distinctly what the Goddess spake Old age
 Obscures the senses If my nurse who knew
 My voice so well sometimes misunderstood
 While I was resting on her knee both arms
 And hitting it to make her mind my words
 And looking in her face and she in mine
 Might he not also hear one word amiss
 Spoken from so far off even from Olympus ?'
 The father placed his cheek upon her head
 And tears dropt down it but the king of men
 Replied not Then the maiden spake once more
 'O father! say st thou nothing ? Hear st thou
 not
 Me whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
 Listened to fondly and awakened me
 To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
 When it was inarticulate as theirs
 And the down deadened it within the nest ?
 He moved her gently from him silent still
 And this and this alone brought tears from her
 Although she saw fate nearer then with sighs
 I thought to have laid down my hair before
~~P~~erseus and not have dimmed
 Her polish'd altar with my virgin blood ,

I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs and to have asked of each
By name and with no sorrowful regret
Whether since both my parents willed the
change

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes
But 'father' to see you no more and see
Your love O father! go ere I am gone'
Gently he moved her off and drew her back
Bending his lofty head far over hers
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst
He turned away not far but silent still
She now first shuddered for in him so nigh
So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it Once again she raised her voice
'O father' if the ships are now detained
And all your vows move not the Gods above
When the knife strikes me there will be one
prayer

The less to them and purer can there be
Any or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve
An aged man now entered and without
One word stept slowly on and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden She looked up and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes
Then turned she where her parent stood and
cried,
'O father' grieve no more the ships can sail'

Landor

LXV

SOLDIER AND SAILOR

I love contemplating apart
From all his homicidal glory
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman

They suffered him I know not how
Unprisoned on the shore to roam
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home

His eve, methinks pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over
With envy *they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover

A stormy midnight watch he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer

At last when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live long day laborious lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working

Heaven help us ! twas a thing beyond
Description wretched such a wherry
Perhaps ne er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry

For ploughing in the salt sea field
It would have made the boldest shudder ,
Untarred uncompassed and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder

From neigb ring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon s hearing

With folded arms Napoleon stood
Serene alike in peace and danger
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger —

Rash man that wouldest yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned '

' I have no sweetheart ' said the lad ,
But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother

' And so thou shalt ' Napoleon said
' Ye ve both my favour fairly won
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son

He gave the tar a piece of gold
 And with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old
 And safely landed

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty
 But *never* changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparte

LXVI

YE MARINERS'

Ye mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bulwarks
 No towers along the steep
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return
Then then ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow

LXVII

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

Like Leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death
And the boldest held his breath
For a time

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between
 'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried when
 each gun
 From its adamantine lips
 Spread a death shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun

Again ! again ! again !
 And the havoc did not slack
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back —
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
 Then ceased—and all is wail
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or in conflagration pale
 Light the gloom

Now joy Old England raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities blaze
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Campbell

LXVIII

BATTLE SONG

Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark,
 What then ? 'Tis day !
 We sleep no more the cock crows—hark !
 To arms ! away !
 They come ! they come ! the knell is rung
 Of us or them

Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem
 What collared hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear
 What pensioned slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear ?
 Come they from Scythian wilds afar
 Our blood to spill ?
 Wear they the livery of the Czar ?
 They do his will
 Nor tasselled silk nor epaulette,
 Nor plume nor torse—
 No splendour gilds all sternly met,
 Our foot and horse
 But dark and still we only glow
 Condensed in ire !
 Strike tawdry slaves and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire
 In vain your pomp ye evil powers,
 Insults the land
 Wrongs vengeance and *the cause* are ours
 And God's right hand !
 Madmen ! they trample into snakes
 The wormy clod !
 Like fire beneath their feet awakes
 The sword of God !
 Behind before above below,
 They rouse the brave
 Where er they go they make a foe,
 Or find a grave

Elliott

LXIX

LOYALTY

Hame hame hame hame fain wad I be
 O hame hame hame to my ain countrie !
 When the flower is i the bud and the leaf is on
 the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie ,

Hame hame hame hame fain wad I be
O hame hame hame to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyaltie's begun for to fa
The bonnie white rose it is withering an a
But I'll water t wi the blude of usurping
tyrannie

An green it will grow in my ain countrie
Hame hame hame hame fain wad I be
O hame hame hame to my ain countrie !

The great are now gane a' wha ventured to save
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their
grave

But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my
ee

'I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie
Hame hame hame hame fain wad I be
Hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !

LXX

A SEA SONG

A wet sheet and a flowing sea
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast
And bends the gallant mast my boys
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high
And white waves heaving high my lads
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men aie we

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon
And lightning in yon cloud
But hark the music mariners !
The wind is piping loud
The wind is piping loud my boys
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea

Cunningham

LYXI

A SONG OF THE SEA

The Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !
The blue the fresh the ever free !
Without a mark without a bound
It runneth the earth's wide regions round
It plays with the clouds it mocks the skies ,
Or like a cradled creature lies

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be
With the blue above and the blue below
And silence wheresoe'er I go
If a storm should come and awake the deep ,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep

I love (O ! how I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide
When every mad wave drowns the moon ,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune
And tells how goeth the world below
And why the south west blasts do blow

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great Sea more and more
And backwards flew to her billowy breast
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest
And a mother she was and is to me
For I was born on the open Sea !

The waves were white and red the morn
 In the noisy hour when I was born
 And the whale it whistled the porpoise rolled
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the Ocean child !

I've lived since then in calm and strife
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life
 With wealth to spend and a power to range
 But never have sought nor sighed for change
 And Death whenever he come to me
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea !

Procter

LXXII

SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on
 the sea
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
 Galilee

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
 green
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
 blown
 That host on the morrow lay withered and
 strown

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
 chill
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
 grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf
And cold as the spray of the rock beating surf
And there lay the rider distorted and pale
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his
mail
And the tents were all silent the banners alone
The lances unlifted the trumpet unblown
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal
And the might of the Gentile unsmote by the
sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the I ord !

LXXIII

THE STORMING OF CORINTH

THE SIGNAL

The night is past and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey
And the noon will look on a sultry day

Hark to the trump and the drum
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn
And the flap of the banners that fit as they re
borne
And the neigh of the steed and the multitude s
hum
And the clash and the shout They come !
they come !
The horsetails are plucked from the ground and
the sword
From its sheath and they form, and but wait
for the word

Tartar and Spahi and Turcoman
Strike your tents and thong to the van
Mount ye spur ye skirr the plain
That the fugitive may flee in vain
When he breaks from the town and none
 escape
Aged or young in the Christian shape
While your fellows on foot in a fiery mass
Bloodstain the breach through which they
 pass
The steeds are all bridled and snort to the
 rein
Curved is each neck and flowing each mane
White is the foam of their champ on the bit
The spears are uplifted the matches are lit
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar
And crush the wall they have crumbled before
Forms in his phalanx each janizar
Alp at their head his right arm is bare
So is the blade of his scimitar
The khan and the pachas are all at their post
The vizier himself at the head of the host
When the culverin's signal is fired then on
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars a chief in her halls
A hearth in her mansions a stone on her
 walls
God and the prophet—Alla Hu !
Up to the skies with that wild halloo !
 There the breach lies for passage the ladder to
 scale
And your hands on your sabres and how should
 ye fail ?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish, let him ask it and
 have !
Thus uttered Coumourgi the dauntless vizier
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous
 ire —
Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

THE ASSAULT

As the spring tides with heavy splash
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments sapped by the ceaseless flow
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below
Thus at length outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude
In firmness they stood and in masses they fell
Heaped by the host of the infidel
Hand to hand and foot to foot
Nothing there save death was mute
Stroke and thrust and flash and cry
For quarter or for victory
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes
If with them or for their foes
If they must mourn or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice
Which pierces the deep hills through and
through
With an echo dread and new
You might have heard it on that day
O'er Salamis and Megara
(We have heard the hearers say)
Even unto Piræus bay
From the point of encountering blades to the
hilt
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt
But the rampart is won and the spoil begun
And all but the after carnage done
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome
Hark to the haste of flying feet
That splash in the blood of the slippery street

But here and there where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found
Desperate groups of twelve or ten
Make a pause and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand or fighting fall

There stood an old man—his hairs were
white,
But his veteran arm was full of might
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray
The dead before him on that day
In a semicircle lay
Still he combated unwounded
Though retreating unsurrounded
Many a scar of former fight
Lurked beneath his corselet bright
But of every wound his body bore
Each and all had been taken before
Though aged he was so iron of limb
Few of our youth could cope with him
And the foes whom he singly kept at
bay
Outnumbered his thin hairs of silver grey
From right to left his sabre swept
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn when dipped
His weapon first in Moslem gore
Ere his years could count a score
Of all he might have been the sire
Who fell the day beneath his ire
For sonless left long years ago
His wrath made many a childless foe
And since the day when in the strait
His only boy had met his fate
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb
If shades by carnage be appeased
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
Than his Minotaur's son who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide

Buried he lay where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the
shore
What of them is left to tell
Where they lie and how they fell ?
Not a stone on their turf nor a bone in their
graves
But they live in the verse that immortally saves

THE MAGAZINE

Darkly sternly and all alone
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone
Madonna's face upon him shone
Painted in heavenly hues above
With eyes of light and looks of love
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine
When pictured there we kneeling see
Her and the boy God on her knee
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To heaven as if to waft it there
Still she smiled even now she smiles
Though slaughter streams along her aisles
Minotti lifted his aged eye
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby ,
And still he stood while with steel and flame
Inward and onward the Mussulman came

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone
Their names were on the graven floor
But now illegible with gore ,
The carved crests and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse ,
Were smeared and slippery stained and strown
With broken swords and helms o'erthrown
There were dead above and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffined row ;

You might see them piled in sable state
By a pale light through a gloomy grate
But War had entered their dark caves
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead

Here throughout the siege had been
The Christians' chiefest magazine
To these a late formed train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's overwhelming force

The foe came on and few remain
To strive and those must strive in vain
For lack of further lives to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head
And fell the statues from their niche
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had blessed
To the high altar on they go
O but it made a glorious show !
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold
Massy and deep a glittering prize
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes
That morn it held the holy wine
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day
To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray
Still a few drops within it lay
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps in splendid row
From the purest metal cast
A spoil—the richest and the last

So near they came the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached,
When old Minotti's hand

Touched with the torch the train—
Tis fired !
Spire vaults the shrine the spoil the slain
The turbaned victors the Christian band
All that of living or dead remain
Hurl'd on high with the shivered fane
In one wild roar expired !
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake although unrent
As if an earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven
By that tremendous blast—
Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below
Many a tall and goodly man
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strewed the plain
Down the ashes shower like rain
Some fell in the gulf which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles
Some fell on the shore but far away
Scattered o'er the isthmus lay
Christian or Moslem which be they ?
Let their mothers say and say !
When in cradled rest they lay
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more ,
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scattered scalp or bone
And down came blazing rafters strown
Around, and many a falling stone,

Deeply dinted in the clay
 All blackened there and reeking lay
 All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth shock disappeared
 The wild birds flew the wild dogs fled
 And howling left the unburied dead
 The camels from their keepers broke
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain
 And burst his girth and tore his rein
 The bull frog's note from out the marsh
 Deep mouthed arose and doubly harsh,
 The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
 Where echo rolled in thunder still
 The jackals troop in gathered cry
 Bayed from afar complainingly
 With a mixed and mournful sound
 Like crying babe and beaten hound
 With sudden wing and ruffled breast
 The eagle left his rocky nest
 And mounted nearer to the sun
 The clouds beneath him seemed so dun
 Their smoke assailed his startled beak
 And made him higher soar and shriek—
 Thus was Corinth lost and won !

LXXIV

ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down
 Through Granada's royal town
 From Elvira's gates to those
 Of Bivarambla on he goes
 Woe is me Alhama !

Letters to the monarch tell
 How Alhama's city fell
 In the fire the scroll he threw
 And the messenger he slew
 Woe is me, Alhama !

He quits his mule and mounts his horse
And through the street directs his course
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in
Woe is me, Alhama !

When the Alhambra walls he gained
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round
Woe is me Alhama !

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain—
Woe is me Alhama !

Then the Moors by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there
One by one and two by two
To a mighty squadron grew
Woe is me Alhama !

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before
Wherefore call on us O King ?
What may mean this gathering ?
Woe is me Alhama !

Friends ! ye have alas ! to know
Of a most disastrous blow
That the Christians stern and bold
Have obtained Alhama s hold
Woe is me Alhama !

Out then spake old Alfaqui
With his beard so white to see
Good King ! thou art justly served
Good King ! this thou hast deserved
Woe is me Alhama !

By thee were slain in evil hour
 The Abencerrage Granada's flower
 And strangers were received by thee
 Of Cordova the Chivalry
 Woe is me Alhama !

And for this O King ! is sent
 On thee a double chastisement
 Thee and thine thy crown and realm,
 One last wreck shall overwhelm
 Woe is me Alhama !

He who holds no laws in awe,
 He must perish by the law
 And Granada must be won
 And thyself with her undone
 Woe is me Alhama !

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes
 The monarch's wrath began to rise
 Because he answered and because
 He spake exceeding well of laws
 Woe is me Alhama !

There is no law to say such things
 As may disgust the ear of kings
 Thus snorting with his choler said
 The Moorish King, and doomed him dead
 Woe is me, Alhama !

Moor Alfaqui ! Moor Alfaqui !
 Though thy beard so hoary be,
 The King hath sent to have thee seized
 For Alhama's loss displeased
 Woe is me Alhama !

And to fix thy head upon
 High Alhambra's loftiest stone
 That this for thee should be the law
 And others tremble when they saw
 Woe is me, Alhama !

Cavalier and man of worth !
Let these words of mine go forth !
Let the Moorish Monarch know
That to him I nothing owe
Woe is me Alhama !

But on my soul Alhama weighs
And on my inmost spirit preys
And if the King his land hath lost
Yet others may have lost the most
Woe is me Alhama !

Sires have lost their children wives
Their lords and valiant men their lives !
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost another wealth or fame
Woe is me, Alhama !

I lost a damsel in that hour
Of all the land the loveliest flower
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day
Woe is me Alhama !

And as these things the old Moor said
They severed from the trunk his head
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
Twas carried as the King decreed
Woe is me Alhama !

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep
Granada's ladies all she rears
Within her walls burst into tears
Woe is me Alhama !

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss for it is much and sore
Woe is me, Alhama !

FRIENDSHIP

My boat is on the shore
 And my bark is on the sea,
 But before I go Tom Moore
 Here s a double health to thee !

Here s a sigh to those who love me
 And a smile to those who hate
 And whatever sky s above me
 Here s a heart for every fate

Though the ocean roar around me
 Yet it still shall bear me on
 Though a desert should surround me
 It hath springs that may be won

Were t the last drop in the well
 As I gasped upon the brink
 Ere my fainting spirit fell
 Tis to thee that I would drink

With that water, as this wine
 The libation I would pour
 Should be Peace with thine and mine
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore !

THE RACE WITH DEATH

O Venice ! Venice ! when thy marble walls
 Are level with the waters there shall be
 A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
 A loud lament along the sweeping sea !
 If I a northern wanderer weep for thee
 What should thy sons do ?—anything but weep
 And yet they only murmur in their sleep
 In contrast with their fathers—as the slime
 The dull green ooze of the receding deep

Is with the dashing of the spring tide foam
That drives the sailor shipless to his home
Are they to those that were and thus they
 creep
Crouching and crab like through their sapping
 streets
O agony ! that centuries should reap
No mellower harvest ! Thirteen hundred years
Of wealth and glory turned to dust and tears
And every monument the stranger meets
Church palace pillar as a mourner greets
And even the Lion all subdued appears
And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum
With dull and daily dissonance repeats
The echo of thy tyrant's voice along
The soft waves once all musical to song
That heaved beneath the moonlight with the
 throng
Of gondolas and to the busy hum
Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
Were but the overbeating of the heart
And flow of too much happiness which needs
The aid of age to turn its course apart
From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
Of sweet sensations batpling with the blood
But these are better than the gloomy errors
The weeds of nations in their last decay
When Vice walks forth with her unsoftened
 terrors
And Mirth is madness and but smiles to slay
And Hope is nothing but a false delay
The sick man's lightening half an hour ere death
When Faintness the last mortal birth of Pain
And apathy of limb the dull beginning
Of the cold staggering race which Death is
 winning
Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away
Yet so relieving the o'er tortured clay
To him appears renewal of his breath
And freedom the mere numbness of his chain
And then he talks of life and how again

He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak
 And of the fresher air which he would seek
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps
 And so the film comes o'er him and the dizzy
 Chamber swims round and round and shadows
 busy
 At which he vainly catches fit and gleam
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream
 And all is ice and blackness and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth

LXXVII

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

The isles of Greece the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung
 Where grew the arts of war and peace
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet
 But all except their sun is set

The Scian and the Teian muse
 The hero's harp the lover's lute
 Have found the fame your shores refuse
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires Islands of the Blest

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ,
 And musing there an hour alone
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free
 For standing on the Persian's grave
 I could not deem myself a slave

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea born Salamis
 And ships by thousands lay below
 And men in nations —all were his !

He counted them at break of day
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now

The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre so long divine
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

Tis something in the dearth of fame
Though link'd among a fettered race
To feel at least a patriot's shame
Even as I sing suffuse my face
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush for Greece a tear !

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must *we* but blush ? Our fathers bled
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae !

What silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall
And answer Let one living head
But one arise —we come we come !
'Tis but the living who are dumb

In vain—in vain strike other chords
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine
 He served—but served Polycrates
 A tyrant but our masters then
 Were still at least our countrymen

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore
 And there perhaps some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield however broad

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine
 But gazing on each glowing maid
 My own the burning tear drop laves
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep
 Where nothing save the waves and I
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep
 There swan like let me sing and die
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

HAIL AND FAREWELL

Tis time this heart should be unmoved
Since others it hath ceased to move
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf
The flowers and fruits of love are gone
The worm the canker and the grief
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile

The hope the fear the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share
But wear the chain

But 'tis not thus and 'tis not here
Such thoughts should shake my soul nor *now*
Where glory decks the hero's bier
Or binds his brow

The sword the banner, and the field
Glory and Greece around me see !
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free

Awake ! (not Greece—she *is* awake !)
Awake my spirit ! Think through *whom*
Thy life blood tracks its parent lake
And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down
Unworthy manhood ! unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be

If thou regrett st thy youth *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here up to the field and give
 Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave for thee the best
 Then look around and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest

Byron

LXXIX

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard not a funeral note
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night
 The sods with our bayonets turning
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
 dead
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head
 And we far away on the pillow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And over his cold ashes upbraid him
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory
We carved not a line and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory

Wolfe

LXXX

THE OLD NAVY

The captain stood on the carionade First
lieutenant says he
Send all my merry men aft here for they must
list to me
I haven't the gift of the gab my sons—because
I'm bred to the sea
That ship there is a Frenchman who means to
fight with we
And odds bobs hammer and tongs long
as I've been to sea
I've fought against every odds—but I've
gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman and if we don't
take *she*
Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will
capture *we*
I haven't the gift of the gab my boys so each
man to his gun
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each
mother's son

For odds bobs hammer and tongs long as
 I ve been to sea
 I ve fought gainst every odds—and I ve
 gained the victory !

We fought for twenty minutes when the French
 man had enough
 ' I little thought said he that your men were
 of such stuff ,
 Our captain took the Frenchman s sword a low
 bow made to *he*
 I haven t the gift of the gab monsieur but
 polite I wish to be
 And odds bobs hammer and tongs long
 as I ve been to sea
 I ve fought gainst every odds—and I ve
 gained the victory !

Our captain sent for all of us My merry men '
 said he
 I haven t the gift of the gab my lads but yet
 I thankful be
 You ve done your duty handsomely, each man
 stood to his gun
 If you hadn t you villains, as sure as day I d
 have flogged each mother s son
 For odds bobs hammer and tongs as
 long as I m at sea
 I ll fight 'ga'nt every odds—and I ll gain
 the victory !'

Marryat

LXXXI

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Whence all but he had fled ,
 The flame that lit the battle s wreck
 Shone round him o er the dead

Yet beautiful and bright he stood
As born to rule the storm
A creature of heroic blood
A proud though child like form
The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word
That father faint in death below
His voice no longer heard
He called aloud 'Say father' say
If yet my task is done'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son
Speak father! once again he cried
If I may yet be gone'
And but the booming shots replied
And fast the flames rolled on
Upon his brow he felt their breath
And in his waving hair
He looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair
And shouted but once more aloud
My father! must I stay?
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild
They caught the flag on high
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky
There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—O! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea
With mast and helm, and pennon fair
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore

Not as the conqueror comes
They the true hearted came
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame ,

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang
And the stars heard and the sea
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave s foam
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band
Why had *they* come to wither there
Away from their childhood s land ?

There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love s truth
There was manhood s brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith s pure shrine !

Ay call it holy ground
 The soil where first they trod
 They have left unstained what there they
 found—
 Freedom to worship God

Hemans

LXXXIII

TO THE ADVENTUROUS

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep browed Homer ruled as his demesne
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent upon a peak in Darien

Keats

LXXXIV

HORATIUS

THE TRYSTING

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more

By the Nine Gods he swore it
And named a triyning day
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north
To summon his array

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market place
From many a fruitful plain
From many a lonely hamlet
Which hid by beech and pine
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine

From lordly Volaterræ
Where scowls the far famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old
From sea girt Populonia
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky

From the proud mart of Pisæ
Queen of the western waves
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair haired slaves,
From where sweet Clavis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk white steer,
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere

The harvests of Arretium
This year old men shall reap
This year young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep
And in the vats of Luna
This year the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome

There be thirty chosen prophets
The wisest of the land
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given
' Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena
Go forth beloved of Heaven,

Go and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day !

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman
And many a stout ally
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name

THE TROUBLE IN ROME

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days

For aged folk on crutches
And women great with child
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun burned husbandmen
With reaping hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine
And endless flocks of goats and sheep
And endless herds of kine
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn sacks and of household goods
Choked every roaring gate

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky
The Fathers of the City
They sat all night and day
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain
Astur hath stormed Janiculum
And the stout guards are slain

I wis in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat
When that ill news was told
Forthwith up rose the Consul
Up rose the Fathers all
In haste they girded up their gowns
And hied them to the wall

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate
Short time was there ye well may guess
For musing or debate

Out spake the Consul roundly
The bridge must straight go down
For since Janiculum is lost
Nought else can save the town

Just then a scout came flying
All wild with haste and fear
'To arms! to arms!' Sir Consul
Lars Porsena is here
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come
And louder still and still more loud
From underneath that rolling cloud
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud
The trampling and the hum
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears
Far to left and far to right
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright
The long array of spears

And plainly and more plainly
Above that glimmering line
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumon
There Cilnius of Arretum
On his fleet roan was seen

And Astur of the fourfold shield
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By ready Thrasymene

Fast by the royal standard
O erlooking all the war
Lars Porsena of Clusum
Sate in his ivory car
By the right wheel rode Mamilius
Prince of the Latian name
And by the left false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose
On the house tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed ,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist

But the Consul's brow was sad
And the Consul's speech was low
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe
Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge does down
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ?

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate
To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods

And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

Hew down the bridge Sir Consul
 With all the speed ye may
 I with two more to help me
 Will hold the foe in play
 In yon straight path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three
 Now who will stand on either hand
 And keep the bridge with me ?

Then out spake Spurius Lartius
 A Ramnian proud was he
 Lo I will stand at thy right hand
 And keep the bridge with thee
 And out spake strong Herminius
 Of Titian blood was he
 I will abide on thy left side
 And keep the bridge with thee

' Horatius quoth the Consul
 As thou sayest so let it be '
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless Three
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold
 Nor son nor wife nor limb nor life
 In the brave days of old

Then none was for a party
 Then all were for the state
 Then the great man helped the poor
 And the poor man loved the great

Then lands were fairly portioned
Then spoils were fairly sold
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe
And the Tribunes beard the high
And the Fathers grind the low
As we wax hot in faction
In battle we wax cold
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old

THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet bar and crow
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below

Meanwhile the Tuscan army
Right glorious to behold
Came flashing back the noonday light
Rank behind rank like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee
As that great host with measured tread
And spears advanced and ensigns spread
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head
Where stood the dauntless Three

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose

And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array
 To earth they sprang their swords they drew,
 And lifted high their shields and flew
 To win the narrow way

Aunus from green Tifernum
 Lord of the Hill of Vines
 And Seius whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines
 And Picus long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that grey crag where girt with towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath
 Herminius struck at Seius
 And clove him to the teeth
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust

Then Ocnus of Falerni
 Rushed on the Roman Three
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea
 And Aruns of Volsinium
 Who slew the great wild boar
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen
 And wasted fields and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore

Herminius smote down Aruns
 Lartius laid Ocnus low
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow

Lie there he cried fell pirate !
No more aghast and pale
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark
No more Campagna's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose
Six spears lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way

But hark ! the cry is Astur
And lo ! the ranks divide
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ,
He eyed the flinching Tuscans
And scorn was in his eye
Quoth he The she wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way ?

Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow

The blow though turned came yet too nigh
It missed his helm but gashed his thigh
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow

He reeled and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space
Then like a wild cat mad with wounds
Sprang right at Astur's face
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder smitten oak
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms he spread
And the pale augurs muttering low
Gaze on the blasted head

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel
And thrice and four times tugged a main
Ere he wrenched out the steel
'And see, he cried, the welcome
Fair guests that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ?

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses
In the path the dauntless Three
And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood
All shrank like boys who unaware
Ranging the woods to start a hare
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where growling low a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd
Well known was he to all the Three
And they gave him greeting loud
Now welcome, welcome Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome

Thrice looked he at the city
Thrice looked he at the dead
And thrice came on in fury
And thrice turned back in dread
And white with fear and hatred
Scowled at the narrow way
Where wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide
 'Come back come back Horatius !
 Loud cried the Fathers all
 Back Lartius ! back Herminius !
 Back ere the ruin fall !'

Back darted Spurius Lartius
 Herminius darted back
 And as they passed beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack
 But when they turned their faces
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone
 They would have crossed once more

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam
 And like a dam the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam

And like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein
 The furious river struggled hard
 And tossed his tawny mane
 And burst the curb and bounded
 Rejoicing to be free ,
 And whirling down in fierce career
 Battlement and plank and pier
 Rushed headlong to the sea

FATHER TIBER

Alone stood brave Horatius
 But constant still in mind
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind

Down with him ! cried false Sextus
With a smile on his pale face
Now yield thee cried Lars Porsena
Now yield thee to our grace

Round turned he as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena
To Sextus nought spake he
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome

O Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray
A Roman's life a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day !
So he spake and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank
But friends and foes in dumb surprise
With parted lips and straining eyes
Stood gazing where he sank
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

But fiercely ran the current
Swollen high by months of rain
And fast his blood was flowing
And he was sore in pain
And heavy with his armour
And spent with changing blows
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose

Never I ween did swimmer
 In such an evil case
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin

Curse on him ! quoth false Sextus
 Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town !
 Heaven help him ! quoth Lars Porsena,
 And bring him safe to shore
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before

And now he feels the bottom
 Now on dry earth he stands
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands
 And now with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud
 He enters through the River-Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd

They gave him of the corn land
 That was of public right
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plough from morn till night ,
 And they made a molten image
 And set it up on high
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie

It stands in the Comitium
 Plain for all folk to see
 Horatius in his harness
 Halting upon one knee

And underneath is written
In letters all of gold
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old

And in the nights of winter
When the cold north winds blow
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within

When the oldest cask is opened
And the largest lamp is lit
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close
When the girls are weaving baskets
And the lads are shaping bows

When the goodman mends his armour
And trims his helmet's plume,
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old

LXXXV

THE ARMADA

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England s
praise
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days
When that great fleet invincible against her bore
in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico the stoutest hearts
of Spain
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay
Her crew hath seen Castile s black fleet beyond
Aurigny s isle
At earliest twilight on the waves he heaving
many a mile
At sunrise she escaped their van by God s
especial grace
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her
close in chase
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe s
lofty hall
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
coast
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him
sound the drums
His yeomen round the market cross make clear
an ample space
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace

And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily
dance the bells
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal
blazon swells
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
lilies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that
famed Picard field
Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow and Cæsar's
eagle shield
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he
turned to bay
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
princely hunters lay
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep Sir Knight ho !
scatter flowers fair maids
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ho ! gallants
draw your blades
Thou sun shine on her joyously ye breezes
waft her wide
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM the banner of our
pride

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that
banner's massy fold
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
haughty scroll of gold
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the
purple sea
Such night in England ne'er had been nor e'er
again shall be
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds from Lynn
to Milford Bay
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as
the day
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly
war flame spread
High on St Michael's Mount it shone it shone
on Beachy Head

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw along each southern shire
Cape beyond cape in endless range those twinkling points of fire
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers o'er Cranbourne's oaks the fiery herald flew
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge the rangers of Beauheu
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood red light
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires,
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street
And broader still became the blaze and louder still the din
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north
And on and on without a pause untired they
bounded still
All night from tower to tower they sprang they
sprang from hill to hill
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er
Darwin's rocky dales
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy
hills of Wales
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Mal
vern's lonely height
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle

LXXXVI

THE LAST BUCCANEER

The winds were yelling the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the
ship without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer

' Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce
 a gale
 When all others drive bare on the seas ?
 Say come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador
 Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees ?
 ' From a shore no search hath found from a gulf
 no line can sound
 Without rudder or needle we steer
 Above below our bark dies the sea fowl and the
 shark
 As we fly by the last Buccaneer
 To night there shall be heard on the rocks of
 Cape de Verde
 A loud crash and a louder roar
 And to morrow shall the deep with a heavy
 moaning sweep
 The corpses and wreck to the shore
 The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride
 In the breath of the citron shades
 And Severn's towering mast securely now hies
 fast
 Through the seas of the balmy Tropes
 From St. Jago's wealthy port from Havannah's
 royal fort
 The seaman goes forth without fear
 For since that stormy night not a mortal hath
 had sight
 Of the flag of the last Buccaneer

LXXXVII

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith vain faith and courage vain
 For him I threw lands honours wealth away
 And one dear hope that was more prized than
 they

For him I languished in a foreign clime
 Grey haired with sorrow in my manhood s
 prime
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill s whispering trees
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep
 Each morning started from the dream to weep
 Till God who saw me tried too sorely gave
 The resting place I asked—an early grave
 O thou whom chance leads to this nameless
 stone
 From that proud country which was once mine
 own
 By those white cliffs I never more must see
 By that dear language which I speak like thee,
 Forget all feuds and shed one English tear
 O er English dust A broken heart lies here
Macaulay

LXXXVIII

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand !
 A merry heart and true !
 King James s men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do
 And have they fixed the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here s twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !
 Out spake their captain brave and bold
 A merry wight was he
 If London Tower were Michael s hold
 We ll set Trelawny free !
 We ll cross the Tamar land to land
 The Severn is no stay
 With one and all and hand in hand
 And who shall bid us nay ?

And when we come to London Wall
 A pleasant sight to view
 Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all
 Here s men as good as you

Trelawny he s in keep and hold
 Trelawny he may die
 But here s twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why !

Hawker

LXXXIX

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

THE MODEL

Build me straight O worthy Master !
 Staunch and strong a goodly vessel
 That shall laugh at all disaster
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

The merchant s word
 Delighted the Master heard
 For his heart was in his work and the heart
 Giveth grace unto every Art
 A quiet smile played round his lips
 As the eddies and dimples of the tide
 Play round the bows of ships
 That steadily at anchor ride
 And with a voice that was full of glee
 He answered Ere long we will launch
 A vessel as goodly and strong and staunch
 As ever weathered a wintry sea !

And first with nicest skill and art
 Perfect and finished in every part
 A little model the Master wrought
 Which should be to the larger plan
 What the child is to the man
 Its counterpart in miniature

That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labour might be brought
To answer to his inward thought
And as he laboured his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore
And above them all and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry crank and tall
Whose picture was hanging on the wall
With bows and stern raised high in air
And balconies hanging here and there
And signal lanterns and flags afloat
And eight round towers like those that frown
From some old castle looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat
And he said with a smile 'Our ship I wis
Shall be of another form than this'

It was of another form indeed
Built for freight and yet for speed
A beautiful and gallant craft
Broad in the beam that the stress of the blast
Pressing down upon sail and mast
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm
Broad in the beam but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees
That she might be docile to the helm
And that the currents of parted seas
Closing behind with mighty force
Might aid and not impede her course

THE BUILDERS

In the ship yard stood the Master
With the model of the vessel
That should laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground
Lay the timber piled around
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
And scattered here and there with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees

Brought from regions far away
From Pascagoula's sunny bay
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought one word can set in motion !
There's not a ship that sails the ocean
But every climate every soil
Must bring its tribute great or small
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising over the sea
And long the level shadows lay
As if they too the beams would be
Of some great airy argosy
Framed and launched in a single day
That silent architect the sun
Had hewn and laid them every one
Ere the work of man was yet begun
Beside the Master when he spoke
A youth against an anchor leaning
Listened to catch his slightest meaning
Only the long waves as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach
Interrupted the old man's speech

Beautiful they were in sooth
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled over and over again
The fiery youth who was to be
The heir of his dexterity
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned

Thus said he will we build this ship !
Lay square the blocks upon the slip
And follow well this plan of mine
Choose the timbers with greatest care
Of all that is unsound beware

For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine
A goodly frame and a goodly fame
And the UNION be her name !
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee !

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard
And as he turned his face aside
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride
Standing before
Her father's door
He saw the form of his promised bride
The sun shone on her golden hair
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air
Like a beauteous barge was she
Still at rest on the sandy beach
Just beyond the billow's reach
But he
Was the restless seething stormy sea !

Ah ! how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest !
Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun
And soon throughout the ship yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets plied
With vigorous arms on every side
Plied so deftly and so well
That ere the shadows of evening fell
The keel of oak for a noble ship
Scarf'd and bolted, straight and strong,

Was lying ready and stretched along
The blocks well placed upon the slip
Happy thrice happy every one
Who sees his labour well begun
And not perplexed and multiplied
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot long day was o'er
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still
And within the porch a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill
The father sat and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main
And ships that never came back again
The chance and change of a sailor's life
Want and plenty rest and strife,
His roving fancy like the wind
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind
And the magic charm of foreign lands
With shadows of palms and shining sands
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf

And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful pitiless sea
With all its terror and mystery
The dim dark sea so like unto Death
That divides and yet unites mankind !
And whenever the old man paused a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight gloom
And thoughtful faces as in a dream
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly on the young man's breast !

IN THE SHIP YARD

Day by day the vessel grew
With timbers fashioned strong and true
Stemson and keelson and sternson knee
Till framed with perfect symmetry
A skeleton ship rose up to view !
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied
Till after many a week at length
Wonderful for form and strength
Sublime in its enormous bulk
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
And around it columns of smoke upwreathing
Rose from the boiling bubbling seething
Caldron that glowed
And overflowed
With the black tar heated for the sheathing
And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men —

Build me straight O worthy Master
Staunch and strong a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

With oaken brace and copper band
Lay the rudder on the sand
That like a thought should have control
Over the movement of the whole
And near it the anchor whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast !
And at the bows an image stood
By a cunning artist carved in wood
With robes of white that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind
It was not shaped in a classic mould

Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old
Or Naiad rising from the water
But modelled from the Master's daughter !
On many a dreary and misty night
Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark
Like a ghost in its snow white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark
Guiding the vessel in its flight
By a path none other knows aright
Behold at last
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago
In the deer haunted forests of Maine
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow
They fell—those lordly pines !
Those grand majestic pines !
Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers
Panting beneath the goad
Dragged down the weary winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall
To be shorn of their streaming hair
And naked and bare
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main
Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not see again

And everywhere
The slender graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air
And at the mast head
White blue and red
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars

Ah ! when the wanderer lonely friendless
In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unioiled
Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land
Filling his heart with memories sweet and
endless

THE TWO BRIDALS

All is finished ! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength
To day the vessel shall be launched !
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched
And o'er the bay
Slowly, in all his splendours dight
The great sun rises to behold the sight
The ocean old,
Centuries old
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold
His beating heart is not at rest
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast

He waits impatient for his bride
There she stands
With her foot upon the sands
Decked with flags and streamers gay
In honour of her marriage day
Her snow white signals fluttering blending
Round her like a veil descending
Ready to be
The bride of the grey, old sea

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side

Shadows from the flags and shrouds
Like the shadows cast by clouds
Broken by many a sunny fleck
Fall around them on the deck

The prayer is said
The service read
The joyous bridegroom bows his head
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold
That has the vessel for its fold
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake with accents mild and clear
Words of warning words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart
All its pleasures and its griefs
All its shallows and rocky reefs
All those secret currents that flow
With such resistless undertow
And lift and drift with terrible force
The will from its moorings and its course
Therefore he spake, and thus said he

'Like unto ships far off at sea
Outward or homeward bound are we
Before behind and all around
Floats and swings the horizon's bound
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies
And then again to turn and sink
As if we could slide from its outer brink
Ah! it is not the sea

It is not the sea that sinks and shelves
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion
Now touching the very skies
Now sinking into the depths of ocean
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear !

Then the Master
With a gesture of command
Waved his hand
And at the word
Loud and sudden there was heard
All around them and below
The sound of hammers blow on blow
Knocking away the shores and spurs
And see ! she stirs !
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground
With one exulting joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms !
And lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud
That to the ocean seemed to say —
' Take her O bridegroom old and grey
Take her to thy protecting arms
With all her youth and all her charms !

A.C

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

Othere the old sea captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To Alfred King the Lover of Truth
Brought a snow white walrus tooth
Which he held in his brown right hand

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy s his eye appeared
His hair was yellow as hay
But threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak
With a kind of laugh in his speech
Like the sea tide on a beach
As unto the king he spoke

And Alfred King of the Saxons
Had a book upon his knees
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas

‘ So far I live to the northward
No man lives north of me
To the east are wild mountain chains
And beyond them meres and plains
To the westward all is sea

So far I live to the northward,
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale
If you only sailed by day
With a fair wind all the way
More than a month would you sail

I own six hundred reindeer
With sheep and swine beside
I have tribute from the Finns
Whalebone and reindeer skins
And ropes of walrus hide

I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then
With their sagas of the seas —

Of Iceland and of Greenland
And the stormy Hebrides
And the undiscovered deep —
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas

To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know,
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north
As far as the whale ships go

To the west of me was the ocean
To the right the desolate shore
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale
Till after three days more

The days grew longer and longer
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun

And then uprose before me
Upon the water's edge
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge

The sea was rough and stormy
The tempest howled and wailed
And the sea fog like a ghost
Haunted that dreary coast
But onward still I sailed

Four days I steered to eastward
Four days without a night
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun O King
With red and lurid light

Here Alfred King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look
And an incredulous smile

But Othere the old sea captain
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen
And wrote down every word

And now the land said Othere
Bent southward suddenly
And I followed the curving shore,
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea

And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale and the seal,
Ha! twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel

There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland,
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore
And dragged them to the strand

Here Alfred the Truth Teller
 Suddenly closed his book
And lifted his blue eyes
With doubt and strange surmise
 Depicted in their look

And Other the old sea captain,
 Stared at him wild and weird
Then smiled till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
 His tawny quivering beard

And to the King of the Saxons
 In witness of the truth
Raising his noble head
He stretched his brown hand, and said
 Behold this walrus tooth !

xci

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board of the Cumberland sloop of war
And at times from the fort-ess across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept past
 Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow white smoke
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
Of our ribs of oak

Down upon us heavily runs
 Silent and sullen the floating fort,
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death
 With fiery breath
From each open port

We are not idle but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide

Strike your flag ! the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain
'Never !' our gallant Morris replies
It is better to sink than to yield !
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men

Then like a kraken huge and black
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp

Next morn as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head
Lord how beautiful was thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer
Or a dirge for the dead

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream !
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag that is rent in twain
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again
From cruising about with his buccaneers
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers

In his house by the Maes with its roof of tiles
And weathercocks flying aloft in air
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle and piles
Of carpets rich and rare

In his tulip garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream
With his Moorish cap and dressing gown
The old sea captain 'hale and brown
Walks in a waking dream

A smile in his grey mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain
And the listed tulips look like Turks
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze
To him are towers on the Spanish coast
With whiskered sentinels at their post
Though this is the river Maes

But when the winter rains begin
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands
And old seafaring men come in
Goat bearded grey and with double chin
And rings upon their hands

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine
Half darkness and half light

And they talk of their ventures lost or won
And their talk is ever and ever the same
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon
From the cellars of some Spanish Don
Or convert set on flame

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro
He is like a ship that at anchor rides
And swings with the rising and falling tides
And tugs at her anchor tow

Voices mysterious far and near
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea
Are calling and whispering in his ear
Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers
To singe the beard of the King of Spain
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers *Longfellow*

XCIIL

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn
Clear in the cool September morn

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep
Apple and peach tree fruited deep
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down
Horse and foot into Frederick town
Forty flags with their silver stars
Forty flags with their crimson bars
Flapped in the morning wind the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten
Bravest of all in Frederick town
She took up the flag the men hauled down
In her attic window the staff she set
To show that one heart was loyal yet
Up the street came the rebel tread
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced the old flag met his sight
Halt! —the dust brown ranks stood fast
Fire! —out blazed the rifle blast
It shivered the window pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash
Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf
She leaned far out on the window sill
And shook it forth with a royal will

‘ Shoot if you must this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag’ she said

A shade of sadness a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word

‘ Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!’ he said

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night

Whittier

xciv

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay
And a pinnace like a fluttered bird came flying
from far away
Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted
fifty three!
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard ‘ ‘Fore God
I am no coward
But I cannot meet them here for my ships are
out of gear,
And the half my men are sick I must fly but
follow quick
We are six ships of the line can we fight with
fifty-three?

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville ' I know you
are no coward
You fly them for a moment to fight with them
again
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore
I should count myself the coward if I left them
my Lord Howard
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain
So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of
war that day
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men
from the land
Very carefully and slow
Men of Bideford in Devon
And we laid them on the ballast down below
For we brought them all aboard
And they blest him in their pain that they were
not left to Spain
To the thumbscrew and the stake for the glory
of the Lord
He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship
and to fight
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the
weather bow
' Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
Good Sir Richard tell us now
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun
be set
And Sir Richard said again We be all good
English men
Let us bang those dogs of Seville the children of
the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet '

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed and we roared
a hurrah and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of
the foe
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her
ninety sick below
For half their fleet to the right and half to the left
were seen
And the little Revenge ran on through the long
sea lane between
Thousands of their soldiers looke'd down from
their decks and laughed
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the
mad little craft
Running on and on till delayed
By their mountain like San Philip that of fifteen
hundred tons
And up shadowing high above us with her
yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails and we stayed
And while now the great San Philip hung above
us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day
And two upon the larboard and two upon the
starboard lay
And the battle thunder broke from them all
But anon the great San Philip she bethought
herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her
ill content
And the rest they came aboard us and they
fought us hand to hand
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers
And a dozen times we shook em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land

And the sun went down and the stars came out
far over the summer sea.
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one
and fifty three
Ship after ship the whole night long their high
built galleons came
Ship after ship the whole night long with her
battle thunder and flame
Ship after ship the whole night long drew back
with her dead and her shame
For some were sunk and many were shattered,
and so could fight us no more—
God of battles was ever a battle like this in the
world before ?

For he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '
Though his vessel was all but a wreck ,
And it chanced that when half of the short
summer night was gone
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the
deck
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
suddenly dead
And himself he was wounded again in the side
and the head
And he said Fight on ! fight on !

And the night went down and the sun smiled
out far over the summer sea
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round
us all in a ring
But they dared not touch us again for they
feared that we still could sting
So they watched what the end would be
And we had not fought them in vain
But in perilous plight were we
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife ,

And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent and the
powder was all of it spent,
And the masts and the rigging were lying over
the side

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride
We have fought such a fight for a day and a
night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory my men !
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore
We die—does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship Master Gunner—sink her, split
her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God not into the hands of
Spain !

And the gunner said Ay ay but the seamen
made reply
We have children we have wives
And the Lord hath spared our lives
We will make the Spaniard promise if we yield
to let us go
We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow
And the lion there lay dying and they yielded to
the foe

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship
bore him then
Where they laid him by the mast old Sir Richard
caught at last
And they praised him to his face with their
courtly foreign grace
But he rose upon their decks and he cried
' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ,

I have only done my duty as a man is bound
to do
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !
And he fell upon their decks and he died

And they stared at the dead that had been so
valiant and true
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his
English few
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught
they knew
But they sank his body with honour down into
the deep
And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier
alien crew
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for
her own
When a wind from the lands they had ruined
awoke from sleep
And the water began to heave and the weather
to moan
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an
earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and
their masts and their flags
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot
shattered navy of Spain
And the little Revenge herself went down by the
island crags
To be lost evermore in the main

THE HEAVY BRIGADE

The charge of the gallant three hundred the
 Heavy Brigade !
 Down the hill down the hill, thousands of
 Russians
 Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and
 stayed
 For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were
 riding by
 When the points of the Russian lances arose in
 the sky
 And he called Left wheel into line ! and they
 wheeled and obeyed
 Then he looked at the host that had halted he
 knew not why
 And he turned half round and he bad his
 trumpeter sound
 To the charge and he rode on ahead as he waved
 his blade
 To the gallant three hundred whose glory will
 never die—
 'Follow and up the hill up the hill up the hill
 Followed the Heavy Brigade

The trumpet the gallop the charge, and the
 might of the fight !
 Thousands of horsemen had gathered there on the
 height
 With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to
 the right
 And who shall escape if they close ? but he
 dashed up alone
 Through the great grey slope of men
 Swayed his sabre and held his own
 Like an Englishman there and then ,
 All in a moment followed with force

Three that were next in their fiery course
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had
made—
Four amid thousands ! and up the hill up the
hill
Gallop the gallant three hundred the Heavy
Brigade

Fell like a cannon shot
Burst like a thunderbolt
Crashed like a hurricane
Broke through the mass from below
Drove through the midst of the foe
Plunged up and down to and fro
Rode flashing blow upon blow
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light !
And some of us all in amaze
Who were held for a while from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good redcoats sank from sight
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea
And we turned to each other, whispering all
dismayed
Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's
Brigade !

Lost one and all ' were the words
Muttered in our dismay
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Through the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword hand and slew,
Down with the bridle hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw

Underfoot there in the fray—
 Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
 In the wave of a stormy day
 Till suddenly shock upon shock
 Staggered the mass from without
 Drove it in wild disarray
 For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout
 And the foeman surged and wavered and reeled
 Up the hill up the hill up the hill out of the
 field
 And over the brow and away

Glory to each and to all and the charge that they
 made !
 Glory to all the three hundred and all the
 Brigade !

Tennyson

xcvi

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night among his fellow roughs
 He jested quaffed and swore
 A drunken private of the Buffs
 Who never looked before
 To day beneath the foeman s frown
 He stands in Elgin s place
 Ambassador from Britain s crown
 And type of all her race

Poor reckless rude low born untaught
 Bewildered and alone
 A heart with English instinct fraught
 He yet can call his own
 Ay tear his body limb from limb
 Bring cord or axe or flame
 He only knows that not through *him*
 Shall England come to shame

Far Kentish hop fields round him seemed
 Like dreams to come and go
 Bright leagues of cherry blossom gleamed
 One sheet of living snow
 The smoke above his father's door
 In grey soft eddyings hung
 Must he then watch it rise no more
 Doomed by himself so young?

Yes honour calls!—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel
 An English lad must die
 And thus with eyes that would not shrink
 With knee to man unbent
 Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
 To his red grave he went

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed
 Vain those all shattering guns
 Unless proud England keep untamed
 The strong heart of her sons
 So let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate
 Who died as firm as Sparta's king
 Because his soul was great

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Eleven men of England
 A breastwork charged in vain
 Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped and gashed and slain
 Slain but of foes that guarded
 Their rock built fortress well
 Some twenty had been mastered
 When the last soldier fell

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand waves of the desert sea
 Then flashed at once on each fierce clan dismay
 Lord of their wild Truckee
 These missed the glen to which their steps were
 bent
 Mistook a mandate from afar half heard
 And in that glorious error calmly went
 To death without a word

The robber chief mused deeply
 Above those daring dead
 Bring here at length he shouted
 Bring quick the battle thread
 Let Eblis blast for ever
 Their souls if Allah will
 But we must keep unbroken
 The old rules of the Hill

Before the Ghiznee tiger
 Leapt forth to burn and slay
 Before the holy Prophet
 Taught our grim tribes to pray
 Before Secunder's lances
 Pierced through each Indian glen
 The mountain laws of honour
 Were framed for fearless men

Still when a chief dies bravely
 We bind with green *one* wrist—
 Green for the brave for heroes
 ONE crimson thread we twist
 Say ye O gallant Hillmen
 For these whose life has fled,
 Which is the fitting colour
 The green one or the red ?

Our brethren laid in honoured graves may
 wear
 Their green reward each noble savage said
 ' To these whom hawks and hungry wolves shall
 tear
 Who dares deny the red ? '

Thus conquering hate and steadfast to the right
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict
came
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread
Once more he cried, The judgment,
Good friends is wise and true,
But though the red *be* given
Have we not more to do ?

These were not stirred by anger
Nor yet by lust made bold
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God
Unmoved and uncomplaining
The path it showed they trod

As, without sound or struggle
The stars unburying march
Where Allah's finger guides them
Through yonder purple arch
These Franks sublimely silent
Without a quickened breath
Went in the strength of duty
Straight to their goal of death

' If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man
Ye all at once would answer
They called him Mehrab Khan
He sleeps among his fathers
Dear to our native land
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand

' The songs they sing of Rustum
 Fill all the past with light
 If truth be in their music
 He was a noble knight
 But were those heroes living
 And strong for battle still
 Would Mehrab Khan or Rustum
 Have climbed like these the hill ? '

And they replied Though Mehrab Khan was
 brave
 As chief he chose himself what risks to run ,
 Prince Rustum led his forfeit life to save
 Which these had never done

Enough ! he shouted fiercely
 Doomed though they be to hell
 Bind fast the crimson trophy
 Round BOTH wrists—bind it well
 Who knows but that great Allah
 May grudge such matchless men
 With none so decked in heaven
 To the fiends flaming den ?

Then all those gallant robbers
 Shouted a stern Amen !
 They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
 They raised his mangled ten
 And when we found their bodies
 Left bleaching in the wind
 Around BOTH wrists in glory
 That crimson thread was twined

Then Napier's knightly heart touched to the
 core
 Rung like an echo to that knightly deed
 He bade its memory live for evermore,
 That those who run may read

XCVIII

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

Nobly nobly Cape St Vincent to the North
west died away
Sunset ran one glorious blood red reeking into
Cadiz Bay
Bluish mid the burning water full in face
Trafalgar lay
In the dimmest North east distance dawned
Gibraltar grand and grey
Here and here did England help me how can
I help England? —say
Whoso turns as I this evening turn to God to
praise and pray
While Jove's planet rises yonder silent over
Africa

XCIX

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and at the Hogue sixteen hundred
ninety two
Did the English fight the French —woe to
France!
And the thirty first of May helter skelter thro
the blue
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue
Came crowding ship on ship to St Malo on
the Rance
With the English fleet in view
'Twas the squadron that escaped with the victor
in full chase
First and foremost of the drove in his great
ship Damfreville
Close on him fled great and small
Twenty two good ships in all

And they signalled to the place
Help the winners of a race !
Get us guidance give us harbour take us
quicke—or quicker still
Here's the English can and will !

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and
leapt on board
Why what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass ? laughed they
Rocks to starboard rocks to port all the
passage scarred and scored
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and
eighty guns
Think to make the river mouth by the single
narrow way
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons
And with flow at full beside ?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide
Reach the mooring ? Rather say
While rock stands or water runs
Not a ship will leave the bay !

Then was called a council straight
Brief and bitter the debate
Here's the English at our heels would you
have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet linked together
stern and bow
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?
Better run the ships aground !
(Ended Damfreville his speech)
Not a minute more to wait !
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore then blow up burn the vessels
on the beach !
France must undergo her fate
Give the word ! But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard

For up stood for out stepped for in struck
arid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first
second third?
No such man of mark and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour
ville for the fleet
A poor coasting pilot he Herve Riel the Croi
sickese

And, What mockery or malice have we here?
cries Herve Riel
Are you mad you Malouins? Are you
cowards fools or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals me who took
the soundings tell
On my fingers every bank every shallow every
swell
Twixt the offing here and Grève where the
river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love
the lyngs for?
Morn and eve night and day
Have I piloted your bay
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were
worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs they know I speak the truth! Sirs
believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line
Have the biggest ship to steer
Get this *Formidable* clear
Make the others follow mine
And I lead them most and least by a passage
I know well
Right to Solidor past Grève
And there lay them safe and sound

And if one ship misbehave
 —Keel so much as grate the ground
 Why I've nothing but my life —here's my head !
 cries Hervé Riel

Not a minute more to wait
 Steer us in then small and great !
 Take the helm lead the line save the squad
 ron ! cried its chief
 Captains give the sailor place !
 He is Admiral in brief
 Still the north wind by God's grace !
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship with a bound
 Clears the entry like a hound
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the
 wide seas profound !
 See safe thro' shoal and rock
 How they follow in a flock
 Not a ship that misbehaves not a keel that
 grates the ground
 Not a spar that comes to grief !
 The peril see is past
 All are harboured to the last
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas Anchor ! —sure
 as fate
 Up the English come too late !

So the storm subsides to calm
 They see the green trees wave
 On the overlooking Grève
 Hearts that bled are stanched with balm
 Just our rapture to enhance
 Let the English rake the bay
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away !
 Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
 Rance !
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's
 countenance !

Out burst all with one accord
This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing !
What a shout and all one word
Herve Riel !
As he stepped in front once more
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes
Just the same man as before

Then said Damfreville My friend
I must speak out at the end
Though I find the speaking hard
Praise is deeper than the lips
You have saved the King his ships
You must name your own reward
Faith our sun was near eclipse !
Demand what ever you will
France remains your debtor still
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's
not Damfreville

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue
Since I needs must say my say
Since on board the duty's done
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what
is it but a run ?—
Since tis ask and have I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife whom I call the
Belle Aurore !
That he asked and that he got —nothing more

Name and deed alike are lost
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive thefeat as it befell

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone
 to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence
 England bore the bell
 Go to Paris rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell mell
 On the Louvre face and flank !
 You shall look long enough ere you come to
 Herve Riel
 So for better and for worse
 Herve Riel accept my verse !
 In my verse Herve Riel do thou once more
 Save the squadron honour France love thy
 wife, the Belle Aurore !

Browning

c

THE DYING FIREMAN

I am the mashed fireman with breast bone broken,
 Tumbling walls buried me in their debris
 Heat and smoke I inspired I heard the yelling
 shouts of my comrades
 I heard the distant click of their picks and
 shovels
 They have cleared the beams away they tenderly
 lift me forth
 I lie in the night air in my red shirt the per-
 vading hush is for my sake
 Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so
 unhappy
 White and beautiful are the faces around me
 the heads are bared of their fire caps
 The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the
 torches

CI

A SEA-FIGHT

Would you hear of an old time sea-fight ?
Would you learn who won by the light of the
moon and stars ?
List to the yarn as my grandmother s father the
sailor told it to me

‘ Our foe was no skulk in his ship I tell you
(said he)

His was the surly English pluck and there is
no tougher or truer and never was and
never will be

Along the lowered eve he came horribly raking us

We closed with him the yards entangled the
cannon touched

My captain lashed fast with his own hands

We had received some eighteen pound shots
under the water

On our lower gun deck two large pieces had
burst at the first fire killing all around and
blowing up overhead

Fighting at sun down fighting at dark
Ten o clock at night the full moon well up our
leaks on the gain and five feet of water
reported

The master at arms loosing the prisoners con
fined in the after hold to give them a chance
for themselves

The transit to and from the magazine is now
stopt by the sentinels

They see so many strange faces they do not
know whom to trust

Our frigate takes fire
The other asks if we demand quarter ?
If our colours are struck and the fighting done ?

Now I laugh content for I hear the voice of my
little captain
We have not struck he composedly cries
' we have just begun our part of the
fighting

Only three guns are in use
One is directed by the captain himself against
the enemy's main mast
Two well served with grape and canister silence
his musketry and clear his decks

The tops alone second the fire of this little
battery especially the main top
They hold out bravely during the whole of the
action

Not a moment's cease
The leaks gain fast on the pumps the fire eats
toward the powder magazine
One of the pumps has been shot away, it is
generally thought we are sinking

Serene stands the little captain
He is not hurried his voice is neither high nor
low
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-
lanterns

Toward twelve there in the beams of the moon
they surrender to us

CII

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst
like a ruthless force
Into the solemn church and scatter the con-
gregation
Into the school where the scholar is studying,

Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness
must he have now with his bride
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing
his field or gathering his grain
So fierce you whurr and pound you drums—so
shril you bugles blow *

Beat ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of
wheels in the streets
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the
houses ? no sleepers must sleep in those beds
No bargainers bargains by day—no brokers or
speculators—would they continue ?
Would the talkers be talking ? would the singer
attempt to sing ?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his
case before the judge ?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles
wilder blow

Beat ! beat ! drums !—blow ! bugles ! blow !
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or
prayer
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man
Let not the child's voice be heard nor the
mother's entreaties
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where
they lie awaiting the hearse
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud
you bugles blow

CIII

TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is
looking
Down a new made double grave

o

Lo ! the moon ascending
Up from the east the silvery round moon
Beautiful over the house tops ghastly, phantom
moon
 Immense and silent moon
I see a sad procession
And I hear the sound of coming full keyed bugles
All the channels of the city streets they're
flooding
 As with voices and with tears
I hear the great drums pounding
And the small drums steady whirring
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
 Strikes me through and through
For the son is brought with the father
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they
 fell
Two veterans son and father d'opt together
 And the double grave awaits them)
Now nearer blow the bugles
And the drums strike more convulsive
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has
 faded
 And the strong dead march enwraps me
In the eastern sky up buoying
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
(Tis some mother's large transparent face
 In heaven brighter growing)
O strong dead march you please me !
O moon immense with your silvery face you
 soothe me !
O my soldiers twain ! O my veterans passing
 to burial !
 What I have I also give you
 The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music
And my heart O my soldiers my veterans
 My heart gives you love

CIV

THE PLEASANT ISLE OF AVES

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's
rich and high
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks
as I
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see
again
As the pleasant Isle of Aves beside the Spanish
main

There were forty craft in Aves that were both
swift and stout
All furnished well with small arms and cannons
round about
And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair
and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his
hoards of plate and gold
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian
folk of old
Likewise the merchant captains with hearts as
hard as stone
Who flog men and keel haul them and starve
them to the bone

O the palms grew high in Aves and fruits that
shone like gold
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous
to behold
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast
did flee
To welcome gallant sailors, a sweeping in from
sea

O sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward
breeze
A swing with good tobacco in a net between the
trees
With a negro lass to fan you while you listened
to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside that never
touched the shore

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things
must be
So the King's ships sailed on Avès and quite
put down were we
All day we fought like bulldogs but they burst
the booms at night
And I fled in a piragua sore wounded from the
fight

Nine days I floated starving and a negro lass
beside
Till for all I tried to cheer her the poor young
thing she died
But as I lay a gasping a Bristol sail came by
And brought me home to England here to beg
until I die

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't
tell where
One comfort is this world's so hard I can't be
worse off there
If I might but be a sea dove I'd fly across the
main
To the pleasant Isle of Avès to look at it once
again

cv

A WELCOME

Welcome wild North easter
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr
Ne er a verse to thee
Welcome black North easter !
O er the German foam
O er the Danish moorlands
From thy frozen home
Tired we are of summer
Tired of gaudy glare
Showers soft and steaming
Hot and breathless air
Tired of listless dreaming
Through the lazy day
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed beds
Crisp the lazy dyke
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike
Fill the lake with wild fowl
Fill the marsh with snipe
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe
Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry
Shattering down the snow flakes
Off the curdled sky
Hark ! The brave North easter !
Breast high lies the scent
On by holt and headland
Over heath and bent
Chime ye dappled darlings
Through the sleet and snow
Who can over ride you ?
Let the horses go !

Chime, ye dappled darlings
Down the roaring blast,
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past
Go ! and rest to morrow
Hunting in your dreams
While our skates are ringing
O er the frczen streams
Let the luscious South wind
Breathe in lovers sighs
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies eyes
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men
What s the soft South wester ?
Tis the ladies breeze
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas
But the black North easter
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world
Come as came our fathers
Heralded by thee
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea
Come and strong within us
Stir the Vikings blood
Bracing brain and sinew
Blow thou wind of God !

THE BIRKENHEAD

Amid the loud ebriety of War
With shouts of la Republique' and la Gloire
The Vengeurs' crew twas said with flying
flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect defiant to their grave
Beneath the sea Twas but a Frenchman's
brag
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year
Now we recount no fable Europe hear!
And when they tell thee England is a fen
Corrupt a kingdom tottering to decay
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay !

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood
But roused from dreams of home to find their
boat
Fast sinking mustered on the deck they stood
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command
Calm was the sea but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop with bated breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with Death !

Heroes! Who were those heroes? Veterans
steeled
To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith
Of many an hurricane and trenched field?
Far other weavers from the stocking frame
Boys from the plough cornets with beardless
chin
But steeped in honour and in discipline !

Weep Britain for the Cape whose ill starred
name,
Long since divorced from Hope suggests but
shame
Disaster and thy Captains held at bay
By naked hordes but as thou weepest thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Abord the Birkenhead in Simon's Bay !
Yule

CVII

APOLLO

Through the black rushing smoke bursts
Thick breaks the red flame
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest clothed frame

Not here O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea

Where the moon silvered inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe
O speed and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff top
Lie strewn the white flocks
On the cliff side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks

In the moonlight the shepherds
Soft lulled by the rills
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?

What garments out glistening
The gold flowered broom ?

What sweet breathing presence
Out perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ?—

Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir the Nine
—The leader is fairest
But all are divine

They are lost in the hollows !
They stream up again !
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by the road
Then on to Olympus
Their endless abode

—Whose praise do they mention ?
Of what is it told ?—
What will be for ever
What was from of old

First hymn they the Father
Of all things and then
The rest of immortals
The action of men

The day in his hotness
The strife with the palm ,
The night in her silence
The stars in their calm

THE DEATH OF SOHRAB

THE DUEL

He spoke and Sohrab kindled at his taunts
 And he too drew his sword at once they rushed
 Together as two eagles on one prey
 Come rushing down together from the clouds
 One from the east one from the west their
 shields
 Dashed with a clang together and a din
 Rose such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn
 Of hewing axes crashing trees—such blows
 Rustum and Sohrab on each other haled
 And you would say that sun and stars took part
 In that unnatural conflict for a cloud
 Grew suddenly in Heaven and darked the sun
 Over the fighters heads and a wind rose
 Under their feet and moaning swept the plain
 And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair
 In gloom they twain were wrapped and they
 alone
 For both the on looking hosts on either hand
 Stood in broad daylight and the sky was pure,
 And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream
 But in the gloom they fought with bloodshot
 eyes
 And labouring breath first Rustum struck the
 shield
 Which Sohrab held stiff out the steel spiked
 spear
 Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the
 skin
 And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan
 Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's
 helm
 Nor clove its steel quite through but all the
 crest,

He shone away and that proud horsehair plume
Never till now defiled sank to the dust
And Rustum bowed his head but then the
gloom
Grew blacker thunder rumbled in the air
And lightnings rent the cloud and Ruksh the
horse
Who stood at hand uttered a dreadful cry —
No horse's cry was that most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion who all day
Hath trailed the hunter's javelin in his side
And comes at night to die upon the sand
The two hosts heard that cry and quaked for
fear
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream
But Sohrab heard and quailed not but rushed on
And struck again and again Rustum bowed
His head but this time all the blade like glass
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm
And in the hand the hilt remained alone
Then Rustum raised his head his dreadful eyes
Glared and he shook on high his menacing spear
And shouted *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that
shout
And shrank amazed back he recoiled one step
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing
form
And then he stood bewildered and he dropped
His covering shield and the spear pierced his side
He reeled and staggering back sank to the
ground
And then the gloom dispersed and the wind fell
And the bright sun broke forth and melted all
The cloud and the two armies saw the pair —
Saw Rustum standing safe upon his feet
And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand

SOHRAB

Then with a bitter smile Rustum began —
Sohrab thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill

A Persian lord this day and strip his corpse
 And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent
 Or else that the great Rustum would come down
 Himself to fight and that thy wiles would move
 His heart to take a gift and let thee go
 And then that all the Tartar host would praise
 Thy courage or thy craft and spread thy fame
 To glad thy father in his weak old age
 Fool thou art slain and by an unknown man !
 Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
 Than to thy friends and to thy father old

And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied —
 ' Unknown thou art yet thy fierce vaunt is vain
 Thou dost not slay me proud and boastful man !
 No ! Rustum slays me and this filial heart
 For were I matched with ten such men as thee
 And I were that which till to day I was
 They should be lying here I standing there
 But that beloved name unnerved my arm—
 That name and something I confess in thee
 Which troubles all my heart and made my
 shield

Fall and thy spear transfix'd an unarmed foe
 And now thou boastest and insult st my fate
 But hear thou this fierce man tremble to hear
 The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !
 My father whom I seek through all the world
 He shall avenge my death and punish thee !

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
 A breeding eagle sitting on her nest
 Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake
 And pierced her with an arrow as she rose
 And followed her to find her where she fell
 Far off anon her mate comes winging back
 From hunting and a great way off descries
 His huddling young left sole at that he checks
 His pinion and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eyry with loud screams
 Chiding his mate back to her nest but she
 Lies dying with the arrow in her side
 In some far stony gorge out of his ken

A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her flying over it
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home nor knows his loss
So Rustum knew not his own loss but stood
Over his dying son and knew him not

But with a cold incredulous voice he said
What prate is this of fathers and revenge?

The mighty Rustum never had a son

And with a failing voice Sohrab replied
Ah yes he had¹ and that lost son am I
Surely the news will one day reach his ear
Reach Rustum where he sits and tarries long
Somewhere I know not where but far from here
And pierce him like a stab and make him leap
To arms and cry for vengeance upon thee
Fierce man bethink thee for an only son!
What will that grief what will that vengeance
be?

O could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much but her
My mother who in Ader baijan dwells
With that old king her father who grows grey
With age and rules over the valiant Koords
Her most I pity who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp
With spoils and honour when the war is done
But a dark rumour will be bruited up
From tribe to tribe until it reach her ear
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus he is slain'

THE RECOGNITION

He spoke and as he ceased he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left and his own death
He spoke but Rustum listened plunged in
thought

Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke although he called back names he
knew

For he had had sure tidings that the babe
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word for fear
Rustum should seek the boy to train in arms
And as he deemed that either Sohrab took
By a false boast the style of Rustum's son ,
Or that men gave it him to swell his fame
So deemed he yet he listened plunged in
thought

And his soul set to grief as the vast tide
Of that bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon tears gathered in his eyes ,
For he remembered his own early youth
And all its bounding rapture as at dawn
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far bright city smitten by the sun
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth saw Sohrab's mother in her bloom
And that old king her father who loved well
His wandering guest and gave him his fair child
With joy and all the pleasant life they led
They three in that long distant summer time—
The castle and the dewy woods and hunt
And hound and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan And he saw that Youth
Of age and looks to be his own dear son
Piteous and lovely lying on the sand
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut
Mowing the garden grass plots near its bed
And lies a fragrant tower of purple bloom
On the mown dying grass—so Sohrab lay
Lovely in death upon the common sand
And Rustum gazed on him in grief and said
O Sohrab thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum wert thou his, might well have
loved

Yet here thou errest Sohrab or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son
For Rustum had no son one child he had—
But one—a girl who with her mother now
Plies some light female task nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not nor of wounds nor war

But Sohrab answered him in wrath ~~for now~~
The anguish of the deep fixed spear grew fierce
And he desirèd to draw forth the steel
And let the blood flow free and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe
And rising sternly on one arm he said

Man who art thou who dost deny my words ?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men
And falsehood while I lived was far from mine
I tell thee pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave
That she might prick it on the babe she bore

He spoke and all the blood left Rustum's
cheeks
And his knees tottered and he smote his hand
Against his breast his heavy mailed hand
That the hard iron corslet clanked aloud
And to his heart he piercèd the other hand
And in a hollow voice he spake and said

Sohrab that were a proof that could not he ?
If thou show this then art thou Rustum's son
Then with weak hasty fingers Sohrab loosed
His belt and near the shoulder bared his arm
And showed a sign in faint vermillion points
Pricked as a cunning workman in Pekin
Pricks with vermillion some clear porcelain vase
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long and when night comes the
lamp

Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm the sign of Rustum's seal
It was that griffin which of old reared Zal
Rustum's great father whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks ,

Him that kind creature found and reared and loved—
 Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign
 And Sohrab bared that image on his arm
 And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes
 And then he touched it with his hand and said—
 “How sayest thou? Is that sign the proper
 sign
 Of Rustum’s son or of some other man’s?”

RUKSH THE HORSE

He spoke but Rustum gazed and gazed
 and stood
 Speechless and then he uttered one sharp cry
O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked there
 And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes
 And his head swam and he sank down to earth
 But Sohrab crawled to where he lay and cast
 His arms about his neck and kissed his lips
 And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks
 Trying to call him back to life and life
 Came back to Rustum and he oped his eyes
 And they stood wide with horror and he seized
 In both his hands the dust which lay around
 And threw it on his head and smirched his hair—
 His hair and face and beard and glittering
 arms,
 And strong convulsive groanings shook his
 breast
 And his sobs choked him and he clutched his
 sword
 To draw it and for ever let life out
 But Sohrab saw his thought and held his hands
 And with a soothing voice he spake and said
 “Father forbear! for I but meet to day
 The doom which at my birth was written down
 In Heaven and thou art Heaven’s unconscious
 hand
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou
 When first I saw thee, and thy heart spoke too,

I know it ! but fate trod these promptings down
Under its iron heel fate fate engaged
The strife and hurled me on my father's spear
But let us speak no more of this ! I find
My father let me feel that I have found !
Come sit beside me on this sand and take
My head betwixt thy hands and kiss my cheeks
And wash them with thy tears and say *My
son !*
Quick ! quick ! for numbered are my sands of
life
And swift for like the lightning to this field
I came and like the wind I go away —
Sudden and swift and like a passing wind
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be
So said he and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum and his tears broke forth he cast
His arms round his son's neck and wept aloud
And kissed him And awe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief and Ruksh the
horse
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust came near and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean and from his dark compassionate
eyes
The big warm tears rolled down and caked the
sand
But Rustum chid him with stern voice and said
Ruksh now thou grievest but O Ruksh
thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints
Or ere they brought thy master to this field !
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said —
Is this then Ruksh ? How often in past days
My mother told me of thee thou brave steed
My terrible father's terrible horse ! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee
Come let me lay my hand upon thy mane !
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I

For thou hast gone where I shall never go
 And snuffed the breezes of my father's home
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan
 And seen the river of Helmund and the Lake
 Of Zirrah and the aged Zal himself
 Has often stroked thy neck and given thee food
 Corif in a golden platter soaked with wine
 And said *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*—but I
 Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face
 Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan
 Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund
 stream
 But lodged among my father's foes and seen
 Afrasiab's cities only Samarcand
 Bokhara and lone Khiva in the waste
 And the black Toorkman tents and only drunk
 The desert rivers Moorghab and Tejend
 Kohik and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep
 The northern Sir and this great Oxus stream
 The yellow Ovus, by whose brink I die

RUSTUM

Then with a heavy groan Rustum bewailed
 'O that its waves were flowing over me!
 O that I saw its grains of yellow silt
 Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!
 But with a grave mild voice Sohrab replied
 'Desire not that my father! thou must live
 For some are born to do great deeds and live
 As some are born to be obscured and die
 Do thou the deeds I die too young to do
 And reap a second glory in thine age
 Thou art my father and thy gain is mine
 But come! thou seest this great host of men
 Which follow me I pray thee slay not these!
 Let me entreat for them what have they done?
 They followed me my hope my fame my star
 Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace

But me thou must bear hence nor send with
them
But carry me with thee to Seistan
And place me on a bed and mourn for me
Thou and the snow haired Zal and all thy
friends
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth*
And heap a stately mound above my bones
And plant a far seen pillar over all
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off and cry
Sohrab the mighty Rustum's son lies here
Whom his great Father did in ignorance kill
And I be not forgotten in my grave
And with a mournful voice Rustum replied
Fear not! as thou hast said Sohrab my son
So shall it be for I will burn my tents
And quit the host and bear thee hence with me
And carry thee away to Seistan
And place thee on a bed and mourn for thee
With the snow headed Zal and all my friends
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth
And heap a stately mound above thy bones
And plant a far seen pillar over all
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave
And I will spare thy host yea let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive—my bitterest foes
And they who were called champions in their
time
And through whose death I won that fame I
have—
And I were nothing but a common man
A poor mean soldier and without renown,
So thou mightest live too my son my son!
Or rather would that I even I myself
Might now be lying on this bloody sand
Near death and by an ignorant stroke of thine
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou,

And I not thou be borne to Seistan
 And Zal might weep above my grave not thine
 And say *O Son I weep thee not too sore*
For willingly I know thou metst thine end!
 But now in blood and battles was my youth
 And full of blood and battles is my age
 And I shall never end this life of blood

Then at the point of death Sohrab replied
 A life of blood indeed thou dreadful man!
 But thou shalt yet have peace only not now
 Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
 When thou shalt sail in a high masted ship
 Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosoo
 Returning home over the salt blue sea
 From laying thy dear master in his grave

NIGHT

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face and said
 Soon be that day my son and deep that sea!
 Till then if fate so wills let me endure

He spoke and Sohrab smiled on him and
 took
 The spear and drew it from his side and cased
 His wound's imperious anguish but the blood
 Came welling from the open gash and life
 Flowed with the stream —all down his cold
 white side

The crimson torrent ran dim now and soiled
 Like the soiled issue of white violets
 Left freshly gathered on their native bank
 By children whom their nurses call with haste
 Indoors from the sun's eye his head drooped
 low
 His limbs grew slack motionless white he
 lay—
 White with eyes closed only when heavy
 gasps
 Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his
 frame
 Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,

And fixed them feebly on his father's face
Till now all strength was ebbed and from his
limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away
Regretting the warm mansion which it left
And youth and bloom and this delightful world

So on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead,
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down over his face and sate by his dead son
As those black granite pillars once high reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis to bear
His house now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone enormous down the mountain side
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son

And night came down over the solemn waste
And the two gazing hosts and that sole pair
And darkened all and a cold fog with night
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose
As of a great assembly loosed and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog for now
Both armies moved to camp and took their
meal

The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward the Tartars by the river marge
And Rustum and his son were left alone

But the majestic river floated on
Out of the mist and hum of that low land
Into the frosty starlight and there moved
Rejoicing through the hushed Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon —he flowed
Right for the polar star past Orgunjé
Brimming and bright and large then sands
begin

To hem his watery march and dam his streams
And split his currents that for many a league
The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere
A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
The longed for dash of waves is heard and wide

His luminous home of waters opens bright
 And tranquil from whose floor the new bathed
 stars
 Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea

CIX

FLEE FRO THE PRESS

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames
 Before this strange disease of modern life
 With its sick hurry its divided aims
 Its heads o vertaxed its palsied hearts was
 rife—

Fly hence our contact fear !
 Still fly plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
 Averse as Dido did with gesture stern
 From her false friend s approach in Hades turn
 Wave us away and keep thy solitude !

Still nursing the unconquerable hope
 Still clutching the inviolable shade
 With a free onward impulse brushing
 through
 By night the silvered branches of the glade—
 Far on the forest skirts where none pursue,
 On some mild pastoral slope
 Emerge and resting on the moonlit pales
 Freshen thy flowers as in former years
 With dew or listen with enchanted ears
 From the dark dingles to the nightingales !

But fly our paths our feverish contact fly !
 For strong the infection of our mental strife
 Which, though it gives no bliss yet spoils
 for rest
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life
 Like us distracted and like us unblest

Soon, soon thy cheer would die
 Thy hopes grow timorous and unfixed thy
 powers

And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade
 Fade and grow old at last and die like ours

Then fly our greetings fly our speech and smiles !
 —As some grave Tyrian trader from the sea,

Described at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool haired creepers stealthily
 The fringes of a southward facing brow
 Among the Afgan isles

And saw the merry Grecian coaster come
 Freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine
 Green bursting figs and tunnies steeped in
 brine—

And knew the intruders on his ancient home

The young light hearted masters of the waves—
 And snatched his rudder and shook out more
 sail

And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily

To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the western straits and unbent sails
 There where down cloudy cliffs through sheets
 of foam

Shy traffickers the dark Iberians come
 And on the beach undid his corded bales

Matthew Arnold

CX

SCHOOL FENCIBLES

We come in arms we stand ten score
 Embattled on the castle green
 We grasp our firelocks tight for war
 Is threatening and we see our Queen

And Will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews
For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews ?
We ask we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey
For the proud wrath that thrills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array
So great a charm is England's right
That hearts enlarged together flow
And each man rises up a knight
To work the evil thinkers woe
And girt with ancient truth and grace,
We do our service and our suit
And each can be whate'er his race
A Chandos or a Montacute
Thou Mistress whom we serve to day
Bless the real swords that we shall wield
Repeat the call we now obey
In sunset lands on some fair field
Thy flag shall make some Huron rock
As dear to us as Windsor's keep
And arms thy Thames hath nerved shall mock
The surgings of the Ontario deep
The stately music of thy Guards
Which times our march beneath thy ken
Shall sound with spels of sacred bards
From heart to heart when we are men
And when we bleed on alien earth
We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
Amongst thy glowing orange bowers
And if for England's sake we fall,
So be it so thy cross be won
Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall
And worn in death for duty done
Ah ! thus we fondle Death the soldier's mate
Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all meanwhile the hidden fate
Chills not our fancies with the iron truth
Death from afar we call, and Death is here,

To choose out him who wears the loftiest
mien
And Grief the ciuel lord who knows no peer
Breaks through the shield of love to pierce
our Queen

CIV

THE TWO CAPTAINS

When George the Third was reigning a hundred
years ago
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign
foe
You're not afraid of shot said he you're not
afraid of wreck
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate
called *Quebec*

Quebec was once a Frenchman's town but
twenty years ago
King George the Second sent a man called
General Wolfe you know
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing
on the deck

If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then so you
can beat them now
Before he got inside the town he died I must
allow
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky
name
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work and
you shall do the same

Then Farmer said I'll try sir' and Farmer
bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet
bow

George gave him his commission and that it
might be safer
Signed King of Britain King of France and
sealed it with a wafer

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of
his own
And grander on his quarter deck than George
upon the throne
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-
deck ten
And twenty on the gun deck, and more than
ten score men

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with six-
teen brace of dogs
With two and thirty cannon the ship explored
the fogs
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant from Rochefort
to Belleisle
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing
on her keel

The fogs are dried the frigate's side is bright
with melting tar
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails
afar
The east wind drives three square sailed masts
from out the Breton bay
And 'Clear for action!', Farmer shouts and
reefers yell Hooray!

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I
could pronounce
A Breton gentleman was he and wholly free
from bounce
One like those famous fellows who died by guillo-
tine
For honour and the fleurs de lys and Antoinette
the Queen

The Catholic for Louis the Protestant for George
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly
smiths could forge
And both were simple seamen but both could
understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and
native land

The French ship was *la Surveillante* which means
the watchful maid
She folded up her head dress and began to
cannonade
Her hull was clean and ouis was foul we had
to spread more sail
On canvas stays and topsail yards her bullets
came like hail

Sore smitten were both captains and many lads
beside
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners
tried
A sail clad spar came flapping down athwart a
blazing gun
We could not quench the rushing flames and so
the Frenchman won

Our quarter deck was crowded the waist was
all aglow
Men hung upon the taffrail half scorched but
loth to go
Our captain sat where once he stood and would
not quit his chair
He bade his comrades leap for life and leave
him bleeding there

The guns were hushed on either side the French
men lowered boats
They flung us planks and hencoops and every
thing that floats
They risked their lives good fellows' to bring
their rivals aid
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely
made

La Surveillante was like a sieve the victors
had no rest
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the
port of Brest

And where the waves leapt lower and the
riddled ship went slower
In triumph yet in funeral guise came fisher
boats to tow her

They dealt with us as brethren they mourned
for Farmer dead
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton
bowed the head
Then spoke the French Lieutenant ' Twas fire
that won not we
You never struck your flag to us you'll go to
England free

Twas the sixth day of October seventeen hun
dred seventy nine
A year when nations ventured against us to
combine
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain by us re
membered not
But thanks be to the French book wherein they re
not forgot

Now you if you've to fight the French my
youngster bear in mind
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and
kind
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our
lads to Brest
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade
and a guest

THE HEAD OF BRAN

When the head of Bran
Was firm on British shoulders
God made a man !
Cried all beholders

Steel could not resist
The weight his arm would rattle
He with naked fist
Has brained a knight in battle

He marched on the foe
And never counted numbers
Foreign widows know
The hosts he sent to slumbers

As a street you scan
That's towered by the steeple
So the head of Bran
Rose o'er his people

Death's my neighbour
Quoth Bran the blest
Christian labour
Brings Christian rest

From the trunk sever
The head of Bran,
That which never
Has bent to man !

That which never
To men has bowed
Shall live ever
To shame the shroud
Shall live ever
To face the foe
Sever it sever,
And with one blow

Be it written
That all I wrought
Was for Britain
In deed and thought
Be it written
That while I die
Glory to Britain !
Is my last cry

Glory to Britain !
Death echoes me round
Glory to Britain !
The world shall resound
Glory to Britain !
In ruin and fall
Glory to Britain !
Is heard over all

Burn Sun down the sea !
Bran lies low with thee

Burst Morn from the main !
Bran so shall rise again

Blow Wind from the field !
Bran's Head is the Briton's shield

Beam Star in the west !
Bright burns the Head of Bran the Blest

Crimson footed like the stork
From great ruts of slaughter
Warriors of the Golden Torque
Cross the lifting water
Princes seven en chaining hands
Bear the live Head homeward
Lo ! it speaks and still commands
Gazing far out foamward

Fiery words of lightning sense
Down the hollows thunder
Forest hostels know not whence
Comes the speech, and wonder

City castles on the steep
 Where the faithful Seven
 House at midnight hear in sleep
 Laughter under heaven

Lilies swimming on the mere
 In the castle shadow
 Under draw their heads and Fear
 Walks the misty meadow
 Tremble not it is not Death
 Pledging dark espousal
 Tis the Head of endless breath
 Challenging carousal !

Brum the horn ' a health is drunk,
 Now that shall keep going
 Life is but the pebble sunk
 Deeds the circle growing !
 Fill and pledge the Head of Bran !
 While his lead they follow
 Long shall heads in Britain plan
 Speech Death cannot swallow

George Meredith

CXIII

THE SLAYING OF THE NIBLUVGS

HOGNI

Ye shall know that in Ath's feast hall on the
 side that joined the house
 Were many carven doorways whose work was
 glorious
 With marble stones and gold work, and their
 doors of beaten brass
 Lo now in the merry morning how the story
 cometh to pass !
 —While the echoes of the trumpet yet fill the
 people's ears
 And Hogni casts by the war horn and his Dwarf
 wrought sword upears,

All those doois aforesaid open and in pour the streams of steel
The best of the Eastland champions the bold men of Atli's weal
They raise no cry of battle nor cast forth threat of woe,
And their helmed and hidden faces from each other none may know
Then a light in the hall ariseth and the fire of battle runs
All adown the front of the Niblungs in the face of the mighty ones
All eyes are set upon them hard drawn is every breath
Ere the foremost points be mingled and death be blent with death
—All eyes save the eyes of Hogni but een as the edges meet
He turneth about for a moment to the gold of the kingly seat
Then aback to the front of battle there then as the lightning flash
Through the dark night showeth the city when the clouds of heaven clash
And the gazer shrinketh backward, yet he seeth from end to end
The street and the merry market and the windows of his friend,
And the pavement where his footsteps yestre en returning trod
Now white and changed and dreadful 'neath the threatening voice of God
So Hogni seeth Gudrun and the face he used to know
Unspeakable, unchanging with white unknitted brow
With half closed lips untrembling with deedless hands and cold
Laid still on knees that stir not and the linen s moveless fold

Turned Hogni unto the spear wall and smote
from where he stood
And hewed with his sword two handed as the
aveman in a wood
Before his sword was a champion and the edges
clave to the chin
And the first man fell in the feast hall of those
that should fall therein
Then man with man was dealing and the
Niblung host of war
Was swept by the leaping iron as the rock anigh
the shoie
By the ice cold waves of winter yet a moment
Gunnar stayed
As high in his hand unbloodied he shook his
awful blade
And he cried O Eastland champions do ye
behold it here
The sword of the ancient Giuki ? Fall on and
have no fear,
But slay and be slain and be famous if your
master s will it be !
Yet are we the blameless Niblungs and bidden
guests are we
So forbear if ye wander hood winked nor for
nothing slay and be slain
For I know not what to tell you of the dead that
live again
So he saith in the midst of the foemen with his
war flame reared on high
But all about and around him goes up a bitter
cry
From the iron men of Atli, and the bickering of
the steel
Sends a roar up to the roof ridge, and the
Niblung war ranks reel
Behind the steadfast Gunnar but lo ! have ye
seen the corn
While yet men grind the sickle by the wind-
streak overborne

When the sudden rain sweeps downward and
summer groweth black
And the smitten wood side roareth 'neath the
driving thunder wrack,
So before the wise heart Hogni shrank the
champions of the East
As his great voice shook the timbers in the hall
of Atli's feast
There he smote and beheld not the smitten,
and by nought were his edges stopped
He smote and the dead were thrust from him
a hand with its shield he lopped
There met him Atli's marshal and his arm at
the shoulder he shred
Three swords were upreared against him of the
best of the kin of the dead
And he struck off a head to the rightward and
his sword through a throat he thrust
But the third stroke fell on his helm crest, and
he stooped to the ruddy dust
And uprose as the ancient Giant and both his
hands were wet
Red then was the world to his eyen as his hand
to the labour he set
Swords shook and fell in his pathway huge
bodies leapt and fell
Harsh grided shield and war helm like the
tempest smitten bell,
And the war cries ran together, and no man his
brother knew
And the dead men loaded the living as he went
the war wood through
And man against man was huddled till no sword
rose to smite
And clear stood the glorious Hogni in an island
of the fight
And there ran a river of death 'twixt the Niblung
and his foes
And therefrom the terror of men and the wrath
of the Gods arose

GUNNAR

Now fell the sword of Gunnar and rose up red
in the air
And hearkened the song of the Niblung as his
voice rang glad and clear
And rejoiced and leapt at the Eastmen* and
cried as it met the rings
Of a Giant of King Athi and a murder wolf of
kings
But it quenched its thirst in his entrails, and
knew the heart in his breast
And hearkened the praise of Gunnar, and lingered
not to rest
But fell upon Athi's brother, and stayed not in
his brain
Then he fell and the King leapt over and clave
a neck atwain
And leapt o'er the sweep of a pole axe and
thrust a loid in the throat
And King Athi's banner bearer through shield
and hauberk smote
Then he laughed on the huddled East folk and
against their war shields drove
While the white swords tossed about him and
that archer's skull he clave
Whom Athi had bought in the Southlands for
many a pound of gold
And the dark skinned fell upon Gunnar and
over his war shield rolled
And cumbered his sword for a season and the
many blades fell on
And sheared the cloudy helm crest and rents in
his hauberk won
And the red blood ran from Gunnar till that
Giuki's sword outburst
As the fire tongue from the smoulder that the
leafy heap hath nursed
And unshielded smote King Gunnar, and sent
the Niblung song

Through the quaking stems of battle in the hall
of Atli's wrong
Then he rent the knitted war hedge till by
Hogni's side he stood
And kissed him amidst of the spear hail and
their cheeks were wet with blood

Then on came the Niblung bucklers and they
drew the East folk home
As the bows of the oar driven long ship beat off
the waves in foam
They leave their dead behind them, and they
come to the doors and the wall
And a few last spears from the fleeing amidst
their shield hedge fall
But the doors clash to in their faces as the
fleeing rout they drive
And fain would follow after and none is left
alive
In the feast hall of King Atli save those fishes
of the net
And the white and silent woman above the
slaughter set

Then biddeth the heart wise Hogni and men to.
the windows climb
And uplift the war grey corpses dead drift of
the stormy time
And cast them adown to their people thence
they come aback and sav
That scarce shall ye see the houses and no whit
the wheel worn way
For the spears and shields of the Eastlands that
the merchant city throng
And back to the Niblung burg-gate the way
seemed weary long
Yet passeth hour on hour, and the doors they
watch and ward
But a long while hear no mail clash nor the
ringing of the sword ,

Then droop the Niblung children, and their
wounds are waxen chill
And they think of the burg by the river and
the builded holy hill
And their eyes are set on Gudrun as of men
who would beseech
But unlearned are they in craving and know
not dastard's speech
Then doth Guuki's first begotten a deed most
fair to be told
For his fair harp Gunnar taketh and the warp
of silver and gold
With the hand of a cunning ha-per he dealeth
with the strings
And his voice in their midst goeth upward, as
of ancient days he sings
Of the days before the Niblungs and the days
that shall be yet
Till the hour of toil and smiting the warrior
hearts forget
Nor hear the gathering foemen nor the sound
of swords aloof
Then clear the song of Gunnar goes up to the
dusky roof
And the coming spear host taries and the
bearers of the woe
Through the cloisters of King Athi with lingering
footsteps go
But Hogni looketh on Gudrun and no change
in her face he sees
And no stir in her folded linen and the deedless
hands on her knees
Then from Gunnar's side he hasteneth, and lo!
the open door
And a foeman treadeth the pavement and his
lips are on Athi's floor,
For Hogni is death in the doorway then the
Niblungs turn on the foe
And the hosts are mingled together and blow
cries out on blow

GUDRUN

Still the song goeth up from Gunnar though his
 harp to earth be laid
 But he fighteth exceeding wisely and is many a
 warrior's aid
 And he shieldeth and delivereth and his eyes
 search through the hall
 And woe is he for his fellows as his battle
 brethren fail
 For the turmoil hideth little from that glorious
 folk king's eyes
 And o'er all he beholdeth Gudrun and his soul
 is waken wise
 And he saith We shall look on Sigurd and
 Sigmund of old days
 And see the boughs of the Bianstock o'er the
 ancient Volsung's praise

Woe's me for the wrath of Hogni! From the
 door he giveth aback
 That the Eastland slayers may enter to the
 murder and the wrack
 Then he rageth and driveth the battle to the
 golden kingly seat
 And the last of the foes he slayeth by Gudrun's
 very feet
 That the red blood splasheth her raiment and
 his own blood therewithal
 He casteth aloft before her and the drops on
 her white hands fall
 But nought she seeth or heedeth and again he
 turns to fight
 Nor heedeth stroke nor wounding so he a foe
 may smite
 Then the battle opens before him and the
 Niblungs draw to his side
 As death in the world first fashioned through
 the feast hall doth he stride
 And so once more do the Niblungs sweep that
 murdci flood of men

From the hall of toils and treason and the doors
swing to again
Then again is there peace for a little within the
fateful fold
But the Niblungs look about them and but
few folk they behold
Upright on their feet for the battle now they
climb aloft no more
Nor cast the dead from the windows but they
raise a rampart of war
And its stones are the fallen East folk and no
lowly wall is that

Therein was Gunnar the mighty on the shields
of men he sat
And the sons of his people hearkened for his
hand through the harp strings ran
And he sang in the hall of his foeman of the
Gods and the making of man
And how season was sundered from season in
the days of the fashioning
And became the Summer and Autumn and
became the Winter and Spring
He sang of men's hunger and labour and their
love and their breeding of broil
And their hope that is fostered of famine and
their rest that is fashioned of toil
Fame then and the sword he sang of and the
hour of the hardy and wise
When the last of the living shall perish and the
first of the dead shall arise
And the torch shall be lit in the daylight and
God unto man shall pray
And the heart shall cry out for the hand in the
fight of the uttermost day
So he sang and behold not Gudrun save as long
ago he saw
His sister the little maiden of the face without
a flaw
But wearily Hogni beheld her and no change in
her face there was,

And long thereon gazed Hogni and set his brows
as the brass
Though the hands of the King were weary, and
weak his knees were grown
And he felt as a man upholpen in a waste land
wending alone

THE SONS OF GIUKI

Now the noon was long passed over when again
the rumour arose
And through the doors cast open flowed in the
river of foes
They flooded the hall of the murder and surged
round that rampart of dead
No war-duke ran before them no lord to the
onset led
But the thralls shot spears at adventure and
shot out shafts from afar
Till the misty hall was blinded with the bitter
drift of war
Few and faint were the Niblung children and
their wounds were waxen acold
And they saw the Hell gates open as they stood
in their grimly hold
Yet thrice stormed out King Hogni thrice
stormed out Gunnar the King
Thrice fell they aback yet living to the heart of
the fated ring
And they looked and their band was little and
no man but was wounded sore
And the hall seemed growing greater such hosts
of foes it bore
So tossed the iron harvest from wall to gilded
wall
And they looked and the white clad Gudrun sat
silent over all
Then the churls and thralls of the Eastland
howled out as wolves accurst
But oft gaped the Niblungs voiceless for they
choked with anger and thirst

And the hall grew hot as a furnace and men
drank their flowing blood
Men laughed and gnawed on their shield rims
men knew not where they stood
And saw not what was before them as in the
dark men smote
Men died heart-broken unsmitten, men wept
with the cry in the throat
Men lived on full of war shafts, men cast their
shields aside
And caught the spears to their bosoms men
rushed with none beside
And fell unarmed on the foemen and tore and
slew in death
And still down rained the arrows as the rain
across the heath
Still proud o'er all the turmoil stood the Kings
of Giuki born
Nor knit were the brows of Gunnar nor his
song speech overworn
But Hogni's mouth kept silence and oft his
heart went forth
To the long long day of the darkness, and the
end of worldly worth

Loud rose the roar of the East folk and the end
was coming at last
Now the foremost locked their shield rims and
the hindmost over them cast
And nigher they drew and nigher and their fear
was fading away
For every man of the Niblungs on the shaft-
strewn pavement lay
Save Gunnar the King and Hogni still the
glorious King up bore
The cloudy shield of the Niblungs set full of
shafts of war
But Hogni's hands had fainted and his shield
had sunk adown,
So thick with the Eastland spearwood was that
rampart of renown

And hacked and dull were the edges that had
rent the wall of foes
Yet he stood upright by Gunnar before that
shielded close
Nor looked on the foemen's faces as their wild
eyes drew anear
And their faltering shield rims clattered with the
temnant of their fear
But he gazed on the Niblung woman and the
daughter of his folk
Who sat o'er all unchanging ere the war cloud
over them broke

Now nothing might men hearken in the house
of Ath's weal
Save the feet slow tramping onward and the
rattling of the steel
And the song of the glorious Gunnar that rang
as clearly now
As the speckled storm cock singeth from the
scant leaved hawthorn bough
When the sun is dusking over and the March
snow pelts the land
There stood the mighty Gunnar with sword and
shield in hand
There stood the shieldless Hogni with set
unangry eyes
And watched the wall of war shields o'er the
dead men's rampart rise
And the white blades flickering nigher and the
quavering points of war
Then the heavy air of the feast hall was rent
with a fearful roar
And the turmoil came and the tangle as the
wall together ran
But aloft yet towereid the Niblungs, and man
toppled over man,
And leapt and struggled to tear them as whiles
amidst the sea
The doomed ship strives its utmost with mud-
ocean's mastery,

And the tall masts whip the cordage while the
welter whirls and leaps
And they rise and reel and waver and sink amid
the deeps
So before the little hearted in King Athl's murder-
hall
Did the glorious sons of Giuki neath the shielded
onrush fall
Sore wounded bound and helpless, but living
yet, they lie
Till the afternoon and the even in the first of
night shall die

William Morris

CXIV

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

Is life worth living? Yes so long
As Spring revives the year
And hails us with the cuckoo's song
To show that she is here
So long as May of April takes
In smiles and tears farewell
And windflowers dapple all the brakes
And primroses the dell
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet
And daisy chain their caps
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud shadows float and fleet
And ousel pipes and laverock trills
And young lambs buck and bleat
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood
Life is worth living still

Life not worth living ! Come with me
 Now that through vanishing veil
 Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea
 And milk foams in the pail
 Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
 With sweat the striplings lithe
 As fall the long straight scented swathes
 Over the crescent scythe
 Now that the throstle never stops
 His self sufficing strain
 And woodbine trails festoon the copse
 And eglantine the lane
 Now rustic labour seems as sweet
 As leisure and blithe herds
 Wend homeward with unweary feet
 Carolling like the birds
 Now all except the lover's vow
 And nightingale, is still
 Here in the twilight hour aallow
 Life is worth living still

When Summer lingering half forlorn
 On Autumn loves to lean
 And fields of slowly yellowing corn
 Are girt by woods still green
 When hazel nuts wax brown and plump
 And apples rosy-red
 And the owlet hoots from hollow stump
 And the dormouse makes its bed
 When crammed are all the granary floors
 And the Hunter's moon is bright
 And life again is sweet indoors
 And logs again alight
 Ay even when the houseless wind
 Waileth through cleft and chink
 And in the twilight maids grow kind
 And jugs are filled and clink
 When children clasp their hands and pray
 Be done Thy Heavenly will !
 Who doth not lift his voice and say
 Life is worth living still ?

Is life worth living ? Yes so long
As there is wrong to right
Wail of the weak against the strong
Or tyranny to fight
Long as there lingers gloom to chase
Or streaming tear to dry
One kindred woe one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh
Long as at tale of anguish swells
The heart and lids grow wet
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns
And loyal Hope survives
And gracious Charity remains
To heaven lowly lives
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will
And men are free to think and act
Life is worth living still

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees
And England's Trident Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas !
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind !
So long as in Pacific main
Or on Atlantic strand
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother land
So long as flashes English steel
And English trumpets shrill
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still

THEOLOGY IN EXTREMIS

Oft in the pleasant summer years
 Reading the tales of days bygone
 I have mused on the story of human tears
 All that man unto man has done
 Massacre torture and black despair
 Reading it all in my easy chair

Passionate prayer for a minute's life
 Tortured crying for death as rest
 Husband pleading for child or wife
 Pitiless stroke upon tender breast
 Was it all real as that I lay there
 Languishing stretched on my easy chair?

Could I believe in those hard old times
 Here in this safe luxurious age?
 Were the horrors invented to season rhymes
 Or truly is man so fierce in his rage?
 What could I suffer and what could I dare?
 I who was bred to that easy chair

They were my fathers the men of yore
 Little they recked of a cruel death
 They would dip their hands in a heretic's gore
 They stood and burnt for a rule of faith
 What would I burn for and whom not spare?
 I who had faith in an easy chair

Now do I see old tales are true
 Here in the clutch of a savage foe
 Now shall I know what my fathers knew
 Bodily anguish and bitter woe
 Naked and bound in the strong sun's glare,
 Far from my civilised easy chair

Now have I tasted and understood
That old-world feeling of mortal hate
For the eyes all round us are hot with blood
They will kill us coolly—they do but wait
While I I would sell ten lives at least
For one fair stroke at that devilish priest

Just in return for the kick he gave,
Bidding me call on the prophet's name
Even a dog by this may save
Skin from the knife and soul from the flame
My soul ! if he can let the prophet burn it
But life is sweet if a word may earn it

A bullock's death and at thirty years !
Just one phrase and a man gets off it
Look at that mongrel clerk in his tears
Whining aloud the name of the prophet
Only a formula easy to patter
And God Almighty, what *can* it matter ?

' Matter enough ' will my comrade say
Praying aloud here close at my side
Whether you mourn in despair alway
Cursed for ever by Christ denied
Or whether you suffer a minute's pain
All the reward of Heaven to gain

Not for a moment faltereth he,
Sure of the promise and pardon of sin
Thus did the martyrs die I see,
Little to lose and muckle to win
Death means Heaven he longs to receive it
But what shall I do if I don't believe it ?

Life is pleasant and friends may be nigh
Pain would I speak one word and be spared
Yet I could be silent and cheerfully die
If I were only sure God cared
If I had faith and were only certain
That light is behind that terrible curtain

But what if He listeth nothing at all
 Of words a poor wretch in his terror may say ?
 That mighty God who created all
 To labour and live their appointed day ,
 Who stoops not either to bless or ban,
 Weaving the woof of an endless plan

He is the Reaper and binds the sheaf
 Shall not the season its order keep ?
 Can it be changed by a man's belief ?
 Millions of harvests still to reap
 Will God reward if I die for a creed
 Or will He but pity and sow more seed ?

Surely He pities who made the brain
 When breaks that mirror of memories sweet,
 When the hard blow falleth and never again
 Nerve shall quiver nor pulse shall beat ,
 Bitter the vision of vanishing joys
 Surely He pities when man destroys

Here stand I on the ocean's brink
 Who hath brought news of the further shore ?
 How shall I cross it ? Sail or sink
 One thing is sure I return no more
 Shall I find haven or aye shall I be
 Tossed in the depths of a shoreless sea ?

They tell fair tales of a far off land
 Of love rekindled, of forms renewed ,
 There may I only touch one hand ,
 Here life's ruin will little be rued
 But the hand I have pressed and the voice I
 have heard
 To lose them for ever, and all for a word !

Now do I feel that my heart must break
 All for one glimpse of a woman's face
 Swiftly the slumbering memories wake
 Odour and shadow of hour and place
 One bright ray through the darkening past
 Leaps from the lamp as it brightens last

Showing me summer in western land
Now as the cool breeze murmur eth
In leaf and flower—And here I stand
In this plain all bare save the shadow of death
Leaving my life in its full noonday
And no one to know why I flung it away

Why ? Am I bidding for glory's roll ?
I shall be murdered and clean forgot
Is it a bargain to save my soul ?
God whom I trust in bargains not
Yet for the honour of English race,
May I not live or endure disgrace

Ay but the word if I could have said it,
I by no terrors of hell perplext
Hard to be silent and have no credit
From man in this world or reward in the next,
None to bear witness and reckon the cost
Of the name that is saved by the life that is lost

I must be gone to the crowd untold
Of men by the cause which they served un-
known,
Who moulder in myriad graves of old
Never a story and never a stone
Tells of the martyrs who die like me
Just for the pride of the old countree

Lyall

CXVI

THE OBLATION

Ask nothing more of me sweet,
All I can give you I give
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet
Love that should help you to live
Song that should spur you to soar

R

All things were nothing to give
 Once to have sense of you more,
 Touch you and taste of you sweet,
 Think you and breathe you and live
 Swept of your wings as they soar,
 Trodden by chance of your feet

I that have love and no more
 Give you but love of you sweet
 He that hath more, let him give,
 He that hath wings let him soar
 Mine is the heart at your feet
 Here, that must love you to live

CXVII

ENGLAND

England, queen of the waves whose green
 inviolate girdle enwraps thee round,
 Mother fair as the morning where is now the
 place of thy foemen found?
 Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them
 stricken acclaims thee crowned
 Time may change and the skies grow strange
 with signs of treason and fraud and fear
 Foes in union of strange communion may rise
 against thee from far and near
 Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as
 cankers waxing from year to year

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should
 league and lie and defame and smite
 We that know thee how far below thee the
 hatred burns of the sons of night
 We that love thee behold above thee the witness
 written of life in light

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that
none may read not by eyeless foes
Hate born blind, in his abject mind grows
hopeful now but as madness grows
Love born wise with exultant eyes adores thy
glory beholds and glows
Truth is in thee and none may win thee to lie
forsaking the face of truth
Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee born
again from thy deathless youth
Faith should fail and the world turn pale wert
thou the prey of the serpent's tooth

Greed and fraud unabashed unabashed may strive
to sting thee at heel in vain
Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn
and murmur and plead and plain
Thou art thou and thy sunbright brow is hers
that blasted the strength of Spain

Mother mother beloved none other could claim
in place of thee England's place
Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure
of record so clothed with grace
Dear our mother nor son nor brother is thine
as strong or as fair of face
How shalt thou be abased? or how shall fear
take hold of thy heart? of thine,
England maiden immortal laden with charge of
life and with hopes divine?
Earth shall wither when eyes turned hither
behold not light in her darkness shine

England none that is born thy son and lives
by grace of thy glory, free
Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with
hope to serve as he worships thee
None may sing thee the sea wind's wing beats
down our songs as it hails the sea

CXVIII

A JACOBITE'S EXILE

The weary day rins down and dies
 The weary night wears through
 And never an hour is fair wi' flower
 And never a flower wi' dew

I would the day were night for me
 I would the night were day
 For then would I stand in my ain fair land
 As now in dreams I may

O lordly flow the Louie and Seine
 And loud the dark Durance
 But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
 Than a' the fields of France
 And the waves of Till that speak sac still
 Gleam goodlier where they glance

O weel were they that fell fighting
 On dark Drumossie's day
 They keep their hame ayont the faem
 And we die far away

O sound they sleep and saft and deep
 But night and day wake we
 And ever between the sea banks green
 Sounds loud the sundering sea

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep
 But sweet and fast sleep they
 And the mool that haps them roun' and laps them
 Is een their country's clay
 But the land we tread that are not dead
 Is strange as night by day

Strange as night in a strange man's sight
Though fair as dawn it be
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold
The hill streams sing, and the hill sides ring,
As ours at home of old

But hills and flowers are nane of ours
And ours are over sea
And the kind strange land whereon we stand
It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came wi scathe and shame
To try what end might be

Scathe and shame and a waefu name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
Can die and cannot change

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn
Though sair be they to dree
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea

Ill may we thole the night's watches
And ill the weary day
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep
A waefu gift gie they
For the songs they sing us the sights they bring
us
The morn blaws all away

On Aikenshaw the sun blinks braw
The burn rins blithe and fair
There's nought wi me I wadna gie
To look thereon again

On Keilder side the wind blows wide
 There sounds nae hunting-horn
 That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
 Round banks where Tyne is born

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs
 The bents and braes give ear
 But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
 I may not see nor hear
 For far and far thae blithe burns aie
 And strange is a thing near

The light there lightens the day there brightens
 The loud wind there lives free
 Nae light comes nigh me or wind blows by me
 That I wad hear or see

But O gin I were there again
 Afar ayont the faem
 Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed
 That haps rry sires at hame !

We'll see nae mair the sea banks fair
 And the sweet grey gleaming sky
 And the lordly strand of Northumberland
 And the goodly towers thereby
 And none shall know but the winds that blow
 The graves wherein we lie

Swinburne

CXIV

THE REVILLE

Hark ! I hear the tramp of thousands
 And of arm'd men the hum
 Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered
 Round the quick alarming drum —
 Saying Come
 Freemen come !
 Ere your heritage be wasted said the quick
 alarming drum

Let me of my heart take counsel
War is not of life the sum
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come ?
 But the drum
 Echoed Come !
Death shall reap the braver haivest said the
solemn sounding drum

But when won the coming battle
What of profit springs therefrom ?
What if conquest subjugation
Even greater ills become ?
 But the drum
 Answered Come !
You must do the sum to prove it said the
Yankee answering drum

What if mid the cannons thunder
Whistling shot and bursting bomb
When my brothers fall around me
Should my heart grow cold and numb ?
 But the drum
 Answered Come !
Better there in death united than in life a
recreant —Come !

Thus they answered —hoping fearing
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming
Said My chosen people come !
 Then the drum
 Lo ! was dumb
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,
answered Lord we come !

CXX

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O joy of creation
To be !

O rapture to fly
And be free !

Be the battle lost or won
Though its smoke shall hide the sun
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me !

I shall know him where he stands
All alone

With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown

I shall know him by his face
By his god like front and grace ,
I shall hold him for a space •
All my own !

It is he—O my love !
So bold !

It is I—All thy love
Foretold !

It is I O love ! what bliss !
Dost thou answer to my kiss ?
O sweetheart ! what is this
Lieth there so cold ?

Bret Harte

CXXI

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA

King Philip had vaunted his claims
He had sworn for a year he would sack us ,
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us

Like the thieves of the sea he would track us
And shatter our ships on the main
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us
With his saints and his gilded stern frames
He had thought like an egg shell to crack us ,
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus
And Drake to his Devon again
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St James
The axe that he whetted to hack us
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain
Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

ENVOY

GLORIANA !—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fam
He must reach us before he can rack us,
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

Dobson

CXXII

THE WHITE PACHA

Vain is the dream ! However Hope may rave
He perished with the folk he could not save
And though none surely told us he is dead
And though perchance another in his stead
Another not less brave, when all was done
Had fled unto the southward and the sun,

Had urged a way by force or won by guile
 To streams remotest of the secret Nile
 Had raised an army of the Desert men
 And waiting for his hour had turned again
 And fallen on that False Prophet yet we know
 GORDON is dead and these things aie not so !
 Nay not for Ingland's cause noi to restore
 Her trampled flag—for he loved Honour moie—
 Nay not for Life Revengc or Victory
 Would he have fled whose hour had dawned to
 die

He will not come again whate er our need
 He will not come who is happy being freed
 From the deathly flesh and perishable things
 And lies of statesmen and rewards of kings
 Nay somewhere by the sacr&ed River's shore
 He sleeps like those who shall return no more
 No more return for all the players of men—
 Arthur and Charles—they never come again !
 They shall not wake though fair the vison seem
 Whate er sick Hope may whisper vain the dream !

Lang

CXVIII

MOTHER AND SON

It is not yours O mother to complain
 Not mother yours to weep
 Though nevermore your son again
 Shall to your bosom creep
 Though nevermore again you watch your baby
 sleep

Though in the greener paths of earth
 Mother and child no more
 We wander and no more the birth
 Of me whom once you bore
 Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed
 of yore

Though as all passes day and night
The seasons and the years
From you O mother this delight
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and
tears

The child, the seed the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the Almigh^{ty}
will

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led, so one by sea
Goes forth and one by land
Nor aught of all men's sons escapes from that
command

So from the sally each obeys
The unseen almighty nod
So till the ending all their ways
Blind folded loth have trod
Nor knew their task at all but were the tools of
God

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade
Nor wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing
trade

So like a sword the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent
So sits the while at home the mother well
content

CXXIV

PRAYERS

God who created me
 Nimble and light of limb
 In three elements free
 To run to ride to swim
 Not when the sense is dim
 But now from the heart of joy
 I would remember Him
 Take the thanks of a boy

Jesu King and Lord
 Whose are my foes to fight,
 Gird me with Thy sword
 Swift and sharp and bright
 Thee would I serve if I might —
 And conquer if I can
 From day dawn till night
 Take the strength of a man

Spirit of Love and Truth
 Breathing in grosser clay
 The light and flame of youth
 Delight of men in the fray
 Wisdom in strength's decay
 From pain strife wrong to be free
 This best gift I pray
 Take my spirit to Thee

Beeching

CXXV

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the
 Border side
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
 Colonel's pride

He has lifted her out of the stable door between
the dawn and the day
And turned the calkins upon her feet and ridden
her far away

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides
' Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides ?
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan the son
of the Ressaldar
If ye know the track of the morning mist ye
know where his pickets are
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is
into Bonair—
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then
For the length and the breadth of that grisly
plain are sown with Kamal's men

The Colonel's son has taken horse and a raw
rough dun was he
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of the gallows tree
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits
not long at his meat
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as
he can fly
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the
gut of the Tongue of Jagai
Till he was aware of his father's mare with
Kamal upon her back

And when he could spy the white of her eye he
made the pistol crack
He has fired once he has fired twice but the
whistling ball went wide
'Ye shoot like a soldier Kamal said Show
now if ye can ride

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai as blown
dust devils go
The dun he fled like a stag of ten but the mare
like a barren doe
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged
his head above
But the red mare played with the snaffle bars as
a lady plays with a glove
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky
their hoofs drum up the dawn
The dun he went like a wounded bull but the
mare like a new roused fawn
The dun he fell at a water course—in a woful
heap fell he—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back and
pulled the rider free
He has knocked 'the pistol out of his hand—
small room was there to strive—
Twas only by favour of mine quoth he, ye
rode so long alive
There was not a rock for twenty mile there was
not a clump of tree
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee
If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it
low
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting
all in a row
If I had bowed my head on my breast as I have
held it high
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly

Lightly answered the Colonel's son — Do good
to bird and beast
But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast
If there should follow a thousand swords to
carry my bones away
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
than a thief could pay
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
when all the cattle are slain
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy
brethren wait to sup—
The hound is kin to the jackal spawn,—howl,
dog and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight
my own way back!'

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet
' No talk shall be of dogs ' said he, when wolf
and grey wolf meet
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest
at the dawn with Death ?'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son — I hold
by the blood of my clan
Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God
she has carried a man !'
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son and
nuzzled her nose in his breast
' We be two strong men ' said Kamal then but
she loveth the younger best
So she shall go with a lifter's dower my tur-
quoise studded rein
My broidered saddle and saddle cloth, and silver
stirrups twain

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it
muzzle end
Ye have taken the one from a foe said he
will ye take the mate from a friend?
A gift for a gift said Kamal straight a limb
for the risk of a limb
Thy father has sent his son to me I'll send my
son to him!
With that he whistled his only son, who dropped
from a mountain crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he
looked like a lance in rest
Now here is thy master Kamal said who
leads a troop of the Guides
And thou must ride at his left side as shield to
shoulder rides
Till Death or I cut loose the tie at camp and
board and bed
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head
And thou must eat the White Queen's meat
and all her foes are thine
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the
peace of the Border line
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack
thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I
am hanged in Peshawur'
They have looked each other between the eyes
and there they found no fault
They have taken the Oath of the Brother in
Blood on leavened bread and salt
They have taken the Oath of the Brother in
Blood on fire and fresh cut sod
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife
and the Wondrous Names of God

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's
boy the dun
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one

And when they drew to the Quarter Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with
the blood of the mountaineer
Ha' done! ha' done! said the Colonel's son
Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—
to night 'tis a man of the Guides!

O east is east and west is west and never the
two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat
But there is neither east nor west, border nor
breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face though
they come from the ends of the earth

CXXXVI

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

Winds of the World give answer! They are
whimpering to and fro—
And what should they know of England who
only England know?—
The poor little street bred people that vapour
and fume and brag
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to
yelp at the English Flag

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to
plaster anew with dirt?
An Irish lar's bandage, or an English coward's
shirt?
We may not speak of England her Flag's to
sell or share
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the
World, declare!

The North Wind blew — From Bergen my
steel shod vanguards go
I chase your lazy whalers home from the
Disko floe
By the great North Lights above me I work
the will of God
And the liner splits on the ice field or the
Dogger fills with cod

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my
doors with flame
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell
navies came,
I took the sun from their presence I cut them
down with my blast
And they died but the Flag of England blew
free ere the spirit passed

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long,
long Arctic night
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts
the Northern Light
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my bergs to dare
Ye have but my drifts to conquer Go forth,
for it is there!

The South Wind sighed — 'From the Virgins
my mid sea course was taken
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main
Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy
locked lagoon

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer
keys
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the
scud in the breeze—
Never was isle so little never was sea so lone
But over the scud and the palm trees an
English flag was flown

I have wrenched it free from the halibut to
hang for a wisp on the Horn
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned
and rolled and torn
I have spread its fold o'er the dying adrift in a
hopeless sea
I have hurled it swift on the slaver and seen
the slave set free

My basking sunfish know it and wheeling
albatross
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath
the Southern Cross
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my reefs to dare,
Ye have but my seas to furrow Go forth,
for it is there!

The East Wind roared — From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas I come
And me men call the Home Wind for I bring
the English home
Look—look well to your shipping! By the
breath of my mad typhoon
I swept your close packed Praya and beached
your best at Kowloon!

The reeling junks behind me and the racing
seas before
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered
Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hooghly as a hooded
snake she rose
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost
with the startled crows

Never the lotos closes never the wild fowl
wake
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that
died for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed

The desert-dust hath dimmed it the flying wild ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare
Ye have but my sands to travel Go forth, for it is there!

The West Wind called —' In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath

I draw the gliding fog bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,
They bellow one to the other the frigged ship bells toll
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath whether by dark or day
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away
First of the scattered legions under a shrieking sky
Dipping between the rollers the English Flag goes by

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the
frozen dews have kissed—
The morning stars have hailed it a fellow star
in the mist
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but
my breath to dare
Ye have but my waves to conquer Go forth,
for it is there!

Kipling

CXXVII

OUT OF THE NIGHT

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid

It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate
I am captain of my soul

CXXVIII

PRO REGE NOSTRO

What have I done for you
 ~ England my England ?
 What is there I would not do,
 England my own ?
 With your glorious eyes austere
 As the Lord were walking near
 Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England my England
 Match the master work you've done,
 England my own ?
 When shall he rejoice agen
 Such a breed of mighty men
 As come forward one to ten
 To the Song on your bugles blown
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown

Ever the faith endures
 England my England —
 Take and break us we are yours
 England my own !
 Life is good and joy runs high
 Between English earth and sky
 Death is death but we shall die
 To the Song on your bugles blown
 England—
 To the stars on your bugles blown !

They call you proud and hard
 England my England
 You with worlds to watch and ward
 England my own !

You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease
 Were the Song on your bugles blown
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might
 England my England
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight
 England my own
 Chosen daughter of the Lord
 Spouse in Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

CXXXIX

LAST POST

The day's high work is over and done,
 And these no more will need the sun
 Blow you bugles of England blow !
 These are gone whither all must go
 Mightily gone from the field they won
 So in the workaday wear of battle
 Touched to glory with God's own red
 Bear we our chosen to their bed
 Settle them lovingly where they fell
 In that good lap they loved so well
 And their deliveries to the dear Lord said
 And the last desperate volleys ranged and sped,
 Blow you bugles of England blow
 Over the camps of her beaten foe—
 Blow glory and pity to the victor Mother
 Sad O, sad in her sacrificial dead !

Labour and love and strife and mirth
They gave their part in this goodly Earth—
Blow you bugles of England blow!—
That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,
Till the dusk of Time with honour and worth
That stung by the lust and the pain of battle
The One Race ever might starkly spread
And the One Flag eagle it overhead!
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
Thus they felt it and thus they died
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they
shed
Blow, you bugles of England, blow
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead!

NOTES
AND
INDEX TO FIRST LINES

NOTES

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1 1 This descant upon one of the most glorious feats of arms that even England has achieved is selected and pieced together from the magnificent verse assigned to the Chorus— *Enter RUMOUR painted full of tongues* —to *King Henry V* the noble piece of pageantry produced in 1598 and a famous number from the *Poems Lyrical and Pastorall* (cur 1603) of Michael Drayton. Look, says Ben Jonson in his *Vision on the Muses of his Friend Michael Drayton* —

Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
With bold Tyrtæus verse when thou art
named

So shall our English youths urge on and cry
An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die

This it is true was in respect of another *Agincourt* but we need not hesitate to appropriate it to our own in respect of which— To the Cambry Britons and their Harp His *Ballad of Agincourt* is the poet's own description—it is to note that Drayton had no model for it that it remains wellnigh unique in English letters for over two hundred years and that despite such lapses into doggerel as the third stanza and some curious infelicities of diction which need not here be specified it remains with a certain Sonnet, its author's chief title to fame. Compare the ballads of *The Brave Lord Willoughby* and *The Honour of Bristol* in the seventeenth century the song of *The Arethusa* in the eighteenth, and in the nineteenth a choice of such Tyrtæan music as *The Battle of the Baltic* Lord Tennyson's *Ballad of the Fleet* and *The Red Thread of Honour* of the late Sir Francis Doyle

9 2 Originally *The True Character of a Happy Life* written and printed about 1614 and reprinted by Percy (1765) from the *Reliques Wottonianæ* of 1651. Says Drummond of Ben Jonson Sir

Edward (sic) Wotton's verses of a Happy Life he hath by heart Of Wotton himself is was reserved for Cowley to remark that

He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find
And found them not so large as was his mind

* * * * * * * * *
And when he saw that he through all had
passed

He died—lest he should idle grow at last

See Izaak Walton, *Lives*

10, } 3 4 From *Underwoods* (1640) The first *An Ode* is
11 } addressed to an innominate not yet I believe
identified. The second is part of that *Ode to the
Immortal Memory of that Heroic Pair, Sir Lucius
Cary and Sir Henry Morrison* which is the first
true Pindaric in the language. Gifford ascribes
it to 1629, when Sir Henry died but it seems not
to have been printed before 1640. Sir Lucius
Cary is the Lord Falkland of Clarendon and
Horace Walpole.

11 5 From *The Mad Lover* (produced about 1618
published in 1640) Compare the wooden
imitations of Dryden in *Amboyna* and elsewhere

12 6 First printed Mr Bullen tells me in 1640
Compare X (Shirley, post p 17) and the cry
from Raleigh's *History of the World* O Elo-
quent, Just and Mighty Death! Whom none
could advise, thou hast persuaded what none
hath dared thou hast done and whom all the
World hath flattered, thou only hast cast out
of the World and despised thou hast drawn
together all the far stretched Greatness all the
Pride Cruelty, and Ambition of Man, and
covered it all over with these two narrow words
Hoc Jacet

13, } 7 8 This pair of noble numbers of brilliant and
15 } fervent lyrics, is from *Hesperides or The Works
both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq*
(1648)

16 9 No 61, *Virtue in The Temple* Sacred Poems
and Private Ejaculations 1632 33 Compare
Herbert to Christopher Farrer as reported by
Izaak Walton — Tell him that I do not repine
but am pleased with my want of health and
tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where
true joy is only to be found, and that I long to
be there, and do wait for my appointed change
with hope and patience

17 10 From *The Contentions of Ajax and Ulysses*,
printed 1659 Compare VI (Beaumont ante
p 12) and Bacon Essays On Death But,

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above all, believe it the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis* when a man hath attained worthy ends and expectations

17 11 Written in the November of 1637 and printed next year in the *Obsequies to the Memorie of Mr Edward King*. In this Monody the title runs the Author bewails a Learned Friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Cheshire then in their height King, who died at five or six and twenty was a personal friend of Milton's, but the true accents of grief are inaudible in *Lycidas* which is, indeed, an example as perfect as exists of Milton's capacity for turning whatever he touched into pure poetry an arrangement, that is of the best words in the best order or to go still further than Coleridge the best words in the prescribed or inevitable sequence that makes the arrangement art. For the innumerable allusions see Professor Masson's edition of Milton (Macmillan 1890), i 187 201 and iii 254 276

23 12 The Eighth Sonnet (Masson) When the Assault was Intended to the City Written in 1642, with Rupert and the King at Brentford and printed in the edition of 1645

— 13 The Sixteenth Sonnet (Masson) To the Lord General Cromwell May 1652 On the Proposals of Certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel Printed by Philips *Life of Milton*, 1694. In defence of the principle of Religious Voluntaryism and against the intolerant Fifteen Proposals of John Owen and the majority of the Committee

24 14 The Eighteenth Sonnet (Masson) Written in 1655 says Masson and referring to the persecution instituted in the early part of the year by Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. In January an edict required them to turn Romanist or quit the country out of hand it was enforced with such barbarity that Cromwell took the case of the sufferers in hand and so vigorous was his action that the Edict was withdrawn and a convention was signed (August 1655) by which the Vaudois were permitted to worship as they would Printed in 1673

— 15 The Nineteenth Sonnet (Masson) may have been written any time between 1652 and 1655 the first years of Milton's blindness, but it follows

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the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre in
Milton's own volume of 1673

2, } 16, 17 From the choric parts of *Samson Agonistes*
26 } (i.e. the Agonist or Wrestler), first printed
in 1671

26 18 Of uncertain date, first printed by Watson
1706 11. The version given here is Emerson's
(which is shorter than the original) with the
exception of the 1st stanza which is Napier's
(*Montrose* 1 Appendices) Napier is at great
pains to prove that the ballad is allegorical, and
that Montrose's dear and only love was that
unhappy King whose Pitaph the famous *Great
Good and Just* he is said—falsely—to have
written with his sword. Be this as it may the
verses have a second part which has dropped into
oblivion. For the Great Marquis who reminded
De Retz of the men in Plutarch's *Lives* was not
averse from the practice of poetry, and wrote,
besides these numbers a prayer (Let them
bestow on every earth a limb) a pasquill a
pleasant string of conceits in praise of woman, a
set of vehement and fiery memorial stanzas on
the King and one copy of verses more

27 } 19 20 *To Lucasta going to the Wars* and *To Althea from
Prison* are both, I believe from Lovelace's
Lucasta (1649)

29 21 First printed by Captain Thomson *Works* (1776),
from a copy he held on what seems excellent
authority, to be in Marvell's hand. The true
title is *A Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from
Ireland* (1650). It is always ascribed to Marvell
(whose verse was first collected and printed by his
widow in 1681), but there are faint doubts as to
the authorship

33 22 *Poems* (1681) This elegant and romantic lyric
appears to have been inspired by a passage in the
life of John Oxenbridge, of whom, religionis
causa oberrantem it is enough to note that
after migrating to Bermudas where he had a
church, and being ejected at the Restoration
from an English cure, he went to Surinam
(1662 67), to Barbadoes (1667), and to New
England (1669) where he was made pastor of
the First Church of Boston (1670) and where
he died in 1674. These details are from Mr
Grosart's *Marvell* (1875) 1 82 85 and n 58

34 23 Dryden's second Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day,
Alexander's Feast or The Power of Sound as it
is called, was written and printed in 1697. As
it was designed for music (it was set by Jeremiah
Clarke), the closing lines of every strophe are

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repeated by way of chorus I have removed these repetitions as impertinent to the effect of the poem in print and as interrupting the rushing vehemency of the narrative The incident described is the burning of Persepolis

38 24 Written early in 1782 in memory of Robert Leevett an old and faithful friend says Johnson, and withal a very useful and very blameless man Excepting for the perfect odes of Cowper (post pp 71, 72) in these excellent and affecting verses the classic note is audible for the last time in this book until we reach the *Iphigenaea* of Walter Savage Landor who was a lad of seven at the date of their composition They were written seventeen years after the publication of the *Reliques* (1765) and a full quarter century after the appearance of *The Bard* (1757), but in style they proceed from the age of Pope For the rest the Augustan Muse was an utter stranger to the fighting inspiration Her gait was pedestrian, her purpose didactic her practice neat and formal and she prosed of England's greatest captain the victor of Blenheim as tamely as himself had been a parson in a tye wig —himself and not the amiable man of letters who acted as her amanuensis for the nonce

39 25 *Chevy Chace* is here preferred to *Otterbourne* as appealing more directly to Englishmen The text is Percy's and the movement like that of all the English ballads, is jog trot enough Sidney's confession—that he never heard it even from a blind fiddler but it stirred him like the sound of a trumpet—refers no doubt to an earlier version than the present which appears to date from the first quarter of the seventeenth century Compare *The Brave Lord Willoughby* and *The Honour of Bristol* (post pp 51, 62)

48 26 First printed by Percy The text I give is with some few variants that of the vastly better version in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802 3) Of the history of the ballad the less said the better The argument is neatly summarised by Mr Allingham, p 376 of *The Ballad Book* (Golden Treasury 1879)

skeelv = <i>skilful</i>	w hite monie = <i>silver</i>
gane = <i>would suffice</i>	half foun = <i>the eighth</i>
gurly = <i>rough</i>	part of a peck
lap = <i>spang</i>	bout = <i>bolt</i>
twine = <i>thread</i>	wap = <i>arp</i>
ie canvas	flattered = <i>fluttered</i> or
kaums = <i>combs</i>	rather, floated (Scott)

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51 27 Printed by Percy, from an old black letter copy with some conjectural emendations. At the suggestion of my friend the Rev Mr Hunt I have restored the original readings as in truer consonancy with the vainglorious insolent and swaggering ballad spirit. As for the hero Peregrine Bertie Lord Willoughby of Eresby described as one of the Queen's best swordsmen and a great master of the art military he succeeded Leicester in the command in the Low Countries in 1587 distinguished himself repeatedly in fight with the Spaniards and died in 1601. Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age (Percy). In the Roxburgh Ballads the full title of the broadside—which is printed for S Coles in Vine St, near Hatton Garden,—is as follows — *A true relation of a famous and bloody Battell fought in Flanders by the noble and valiant Lord Willoughby with 1500 Englysh against 40 000 Spaniards wherein the English obtained a notable victory for the glory and renown of our nation* Tune *Lord Willoughby*

53 28 First printed by Tom D Urfe *Wit and Mirth etc* (1720), vi 289 91, revised by Robert Burns for *The Scots Musical Magazine* and again by Allan Cunningham for *The Songs of Scotland* given with many differences long current in Selkirkshire, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The present version is a *rifacimento* from Burns and Scott. It is worth noting that Grame (pronounced Grime) and Graham are both forms of one name which name was originally Grimm and that, according to some the latter orthography is the privilege of the chief of the clan

56 29 First printed in the *Minstrelsy*. This time the history is authentic enough. It happened early in 1596, when Salkeld the Deputy Warden of the Western Marches, seized under truce the person of William Armstrong of Kinmont—elsewhere described as Will Kinmonde the common thieffe—and haled him to Carlisle Castle whence he was rescued—with shouting and crying and sound of trumpet—by the Laird of Buccleuch, Keeper of Liddesdale, and a troop of two hundred horse. The Queen of England says Spothiswoode, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little, but see the excellent summary compiled by Scott (who confesses to having touched up the ballad) for the *Minstrelsy*

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Haribec - *the gallows hill at Carlisle*
 reiver = *a border thief* one of a class which lived
 sparingly, fought stoutly, entertained the
 strictest sense of honour and justice, went
 ever on horseback, and carried the art of
 cattle lifting to the highest possible point
 of perfection (*National Observer*, 30th May,
 1891)

veit = <i>gate</i>	lear = <i>learning</i>
lawing = <i>reclining</i>	row footed = <i>rough</i>
basnet = <i>helmet</i>	shod
curch = <i>coif or cap</i>	spait = <i>flood</i>
lightly = <i>to scorn</i>	garred = <i>mud</i>
in a lowe = <i>on fire</i>	slogan = <i>battle cry</i>
slacken = <i>to slake</i>	steur = <i>stir</i>
splent = <i>shoulder</i>	saft = <i>light</i>
<i>piece</i>	fleyed = <i>frightened</i>
spould = <i>shoulder</i>	barns = <i>children</i>
broken men = <i>outlaw s</i>	spier = <i>ask</i>
marshal men = <i>officers</i>	hente = <i>lifted, haled</i>
<i>of law</i>	mail = <i>ent</i>
rank reiver = <i>common</i>	furs = <i>furrous</i>
<i>thief</i>	truw = <i>trust</i>
hervy = <i>harry</i>	Christentie = <i>Christen</i>
corbie = <i>crow</i>	<i>dom</i>

62 30 Communicated by Mr Hunt — who dates it about 1626 — from Seyer's *Memors Historical and Topographical of Bristol and its Neighbourhood* (1821-23). The full title is *The Honour of Bristol shewing how the Angel Gabriel of Bristol fought with three ships, who boarded as many times wherein we cleared our deel's and killed five hundred of their men and wounded many more, and made them fly into Cales, when we lost but three men to the Honour of the Angel Gabriel of Bristol*. To the tune *Our Noble King in his Progress* (Cales (13) pronounced as a dissyllable is of course Cadiz). It is fair to add that this spirited and amusing piece of doggerel has been severely edited.

63 31 From the *Minstrelsy*, where it is given without alteration or improvement from the most accurate copy that could be recovered. The story runs that Helen Irving (or Helen Bell) of Kirkconnell in Dumfriesshire, was beloved by Adam Fleming, and (as some say) Bell of Blacket House that she favoured the first, but her people encouraged the second, that she was thus constrained to tryst with Fleming by night in the churchyard, a romantic spot almost surrounded by the river Kirtle, that they were here surprised by the rejected suitor, who fired at his rival from

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the far bank of the stream that Helen seeking to shield her lover was shot in his steed and that Fleming, either there and then or afterwards in Spain avenged her death on the body of her slayer Wordsworth has told the story in a copy of verses which shows like so much more of his work, how dreary a poetaster he could be

66 32 This epic in little as tremendous an invention as exists in verse, is from the *Minstrelsy* as written down from tradition by a lady (C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe)

corbies = crows theek = thatch
fall dyke = wall of hause bane = brea t
turf bone

67 33 Begun in 1705, and finished and printed (with *The Progress of Poetry*) in 1757 Founded says the poet, on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First when he concluded the conquest of that country ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. The agonising king (line 56) is Edward II the she wolf of France (57), Isabel his queen, the scourge of heaven (60) Edward III the noble warrior (67), Edward the Black Prince Lines 75 82 commemorate the rise and fall of Richard II, lines 83 90 the Wars of the Roses the murders in the Tower the faith of Margaret of Anjou, the fame of Henry V the holy head of Henry VI. The bristled boar (93) is symbolical of Richard III half of thy heart (99) of Eleanor of Castile who died a few years after the conquest of Wales Line 110 celebrates the accession of the House of Tudor in fulfilment of the prophecies of Merlin and Taliesin lines 115 20 Queen Elizabeth, lines 128 30 Shakespeare lines 131 32 Milton, and the distant warblings of line 133, the succession of poets after Milton's time (Gray)

71, } 34, Written the one in September 1782 (on the
72, } 35, August of which year the *Royal George* (108 guns) was overset in Portsmouth Harbour with the loss of close on a thousand souls) and the other after reading Hume's *History* in 1780 (Benham)

74 36 It is worth recalling that at one time Walter Scott attributed this gallant lyric which he printed in the *Minstrelsy*, to a greater Graham — the Marquis of Montrose

75 37, 38 Of these the first, *Blow High Blow Low* was sung in *The Seraglio* (1776) a forgotten opera the second said to have been inspired by the death of the author's brother a naval officer, in *The*

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76 39 *Oddities* (1778)—a table entertainment, where Dibdin was author, actor, singer, musician, accompanist, everything but audience and candle snuffer. They are among the first in time of his sea ditties

77 40 It is told (*Life*, W. H. Curran, 1810) that Curran met a deserter, drank a bottle and talked of his chances with him, and put his ideas and sentiments into this song

77 40 The *Aretusa* Mr Hannay tells me being attached to Keppel's fleet at the mouth of the Channel was sent to order the *Belle Poule* which was cruising with some smaller craft in search of Keppel's ships to come under his stern. The *Belle Poule* (commanded by M. Chadeau de la Clocheterie) refusing the *Aretusa* (Captain Marshall) opened fire. The ships were fairly matched and in the action which ensued the *Aretusa* appears to have got the worst of it. In the end, after about an hour's fighting Keppel's liners came up and the *Belle Poule* made off. She was afterwards driven ashore by a superior English force, and it is an odd coincidence that in 1789 the *Aretusa* ran ashore off Brest during her action (10th March) with *l'Agrette*. As for the French captain he lived to command *l'Hercule De Grasse* a leading ship in the great sea fight (12th April 1782) with Rodney off Dominica where he was killed

78 41 From the *Songs of Experience* (1794)

79 42 *Scots Musical Museum* 1788. Adapted from or rather suggested by the *Farewell* which Macpherson, a cateran 'of great personal strength and musical accomplishment' is said to have played and sung at the gallows foot, thereafter breaking his violin across his knee and submitting his neck to the hangman

80 43 *Museum*, 1796. Burns told Thomson and Mr Dunlop that this noble and most moving song was old, but nobody believed him then, and nobody believes him now

punt	stoup	=pint	fiere	=friend	com
mug			panion		
braes	hill	sides	guid	willie	=well meant
gowans	daives		full	of good will	
pauld	t	=paddled	wraught		
burn		=brook			

81 44 The first four lines are old. The rest were written apparently in 1788 when the poet sent

PICF 10 this song and *auld Lang Syne* to Mr. Dunlop
it appeared in the *Museum* 1790
 taise = a cup *hr* *taise*

82 40 About 1777 80 printed 1801 One of my
juvenile works says Burns I do not think it
very remarkable either for its merits or demerits,
But Hazlitt thought the world of it and now it
passes for one of Burns's masterpieces
 trysted = appointed *stoure = dust and din*

46 *Museum*, 1796 Attributed in one shape or
another to a certain Captain Ogilvie. Sir George
too printed a broadside in which the third stanza
(used more than once by Sir Walter) is found as
here. But Scott Douglas (*Burns* iii 173) has
no doubt that this broadside was printed after
1796 and as it stands the thing is assuredly the
work of Burns. The refrain and the metrical
structure have been used by Scott (*Rokeby* iv
28) Carlyle Charles Kingsley (*Dolino to
Margaret*) and Mr. Swinburne (*A Peacock's Nest
Verse*) among others.

83 } 47 Of the first four numbers the high water mark of
87 } 52 Wordsworth's achievement all four were written in
1802 the second and third were published in 1803
the first and fourth in 1807. The *Ode to Duty* was
written in 1803 and published in 1807 to which
year belongs that *Song for the Feast of Brounham
Castle* from which I have extracted the excellent
verses here called *Two Victorians*

89 } 53 The first three numbers are from *Mairion*
110 } 62 (1808) 1 Introduction, 12 and vi 18 20,
2, 27 and 33 34. The next is from *The Lady
of the Lake* (1810) 1 19. *The Outlaw* is from
Rokeby (1813) iii 16. The *Pibroch* was published
in 1816. *The Omnipotent* and *The Red Harlaw*
are from *The Antiquary* (1816) and the *Garenwull*
from *The Pirate* (1821). As for *Bonny Dundee*
that incomparable duty, it was written as late
as 1825. The air of *Bonny Dundee* running in
my head to day he writes under date of 22nd
December (*Diary* 1890, i 61) I wrote a few
verses to it before dinner taking the key note
from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish
Convention of Estates in 1688 9. *I wonder if
they are good*. See *The Doom of Deorgoil* (1830),
Note A Act II sc 2

112 63 The unsurpassed piece of art in which a music
the most exquisite is used to body forth a set of
suggestions that seem dictated by the very
Spirit of Romance was produced under the
influence of an anodine as early as 1797

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Coleridge who calls it *Kubla Khan. A Vision within a Dream* avers that having fallen asleep in his chair over a sentence from Purchas's Pilgrimage—Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereto and thus ten miles of ground were enclosed with a wall,—he remained unconscious for about three hours during which time he had the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than three hundred lines, if that he adds can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awakening he proceeded to write out his composition, and had set down as much of it as is printed here when he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock whose departure an hour after left him wellnigh oblivious of the rest. This confession which is dated 1816 has been generally accepted as true, but Coleridge had a trick of dreaming dreams about himself which makes doubt permissible.

114 64 From the *Hellenes* (written in Latin 1814 20 and translated into English at the instance of Lady Blessington), 1846. See Colvin *Landor (English Men of Letters)* pp 189 190.

116 } 65 Of the first Napoleon and the British Sailor (The *Pilgrim of Glencoe* 1842) Campbell writes that the anecdote has been published in several public journals both French and English. My belief he continues in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman long resident in Boulogne lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place. Authentic or not I have preferred the story to *Hohenlinden* as less hackneyed for one thing and for another, less pretentious and rhetorical. The second (*Gertrude of Wyoming* 1809) is truly one of the glories of our birth and state. The third (*ad eum*) I have ventured to shorten by three stanzas a proceeding which, however culpable it seem, at least gets rid of the chief who gave a country's wounds relief by stopping a battle eliminates the mermaid and her song (the song that condoles) and ends the lyric on as sonorous and romantic a word as even Shakespeare ever used.

120 68 *Corn Law Rhymes*, 1831.

121 69 From that famous and successful forgery Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway*

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Song (1810) written when Allan w^{as} a working mason in Dumfriesshire I have omitted a stanza as inferior to the rest

123 71 English Songs and other Small Poems 1834

124 } 72 The first is from the Hebrew Melodies (1815) the next is selected from The Siege of Corinth (1818)

141 } 78 22 33 Alhama (*idem*) is a spirited yet faithful rendering of the Romance muy Doloroso del Sitio y Toma de Alhama, which existed both in Spanish and in Arabic and whose effect was such that it w^{as} forbidden to be sung by the Moors on the pain of death in Grunada (Byron), No LXV surely one of the bravest songs in the language was addressed (*idem*) to Thomas Moore, the tremendous Race with Death is lifted out of the Ode in Venice (1819) for the next number see Don Juan III (1821) the last of all Stanzas inscribed On this day I completed my Thirty sixth year (1824) is the last verse that Byron wrote

142 79 Napier has described the terrific effect of Napoleon's pursuit but in the operations before Corunna he was distanced if not out generalized by Sir John Moore and are the first days of 1809 he gave his command to Soult who pressed us vainly through the hill country between Leon and Galicia and got beaten at Corunna for his pains Wolfe, who was an Irish parson and died of consumption wrote some spirited verses on the flight of Busaco but this admirable elegy— I will show you said Byron to Shelley (Medwyn II 154) one you have never seen that I consider little if at all inferior to the best, the present prolific age has brought forth —remains his passport to immortality It was printed not by the author in an Irish newspaper, was copied all over Britain, was claimed by her after her in succession, and has been reprinted more often, perhaps, than any poem of the century

143 80 From Snarleyow or the Dog Fiend (1837) Compare Nelson to Collingwood 'Victory, 25th June, 1805.—May God bless you and send you alongside the Santissima Trinidad

144 } 81 The story of Casabianca is I believe untrue but 146 } 82 the intention of the singer alike in this number and in the next is excellent Each indeed is in its way a classic The Mayflower sailed from Southampton in 1626

147 83 This magnificent sonnet On First Reading Chapman's Homer was printed in 1817 The Cortez of the eleventh verse is a mistake the discoverer of the Pacific being Nuñez de Balboa

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147 } 84
168 } 87

The *Lays* are dated 1824 they have passed through edition after edition and if Matthew Arnold disliked and contemned them (see Sir F H Doyle *Reminiscences and Opinions* pp 178 87), the general is wise enough to know them by heart But a book that is a catechism to fight (in Jonson's phrase) would have shamed against itself had it taken no account of them and I have given *Houltus* in its integrity as only as Landor puts it,

To show the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind what Romans were
When all the Tuscan and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars

As for *The Armada* I have preferred it to *The Battle of Naseby* first because it is neither vicious nor ugly and the other is both and second, because it is so brilliant an outcome of that capacity for dealing with proper names which Macaulay whether poet or not possesses in common with none but certain among the greater poets For *The Last Buccaneer* (a curious anticipation of some effects of Mr Rudyard Kipling) and that noble thing the *Jacobite Epitaph* they are dated 1839 and 1845 respectively

169 88 *The Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker* (Kegan Paul 1879) By permission of Mrs R S Hawker With the exception of the choral lines—

And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!—

and which have been ever since the imprisonment by James II of the Seven Bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawney—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall the whole of this song was composed by me in the year 1823 I wrote it under a stag horned oak in Sir Beville's Walk in Stowe Wood It was sent by me anonymously to a Plymouth paper and there it attracted the notice of Mr Davies Gilbert who reprinted it at his private press at Eastbourne under the avowed impression that it was the original ballad It had the good fortune to win the eulogy of Sir Walter Scott who also deemed it to be the ancient song It was praised under the same persuasion by Lord Macaulay and Mr Dickens—*Author's Note*

170 } 89 From *The Sea Side and the Fire Side* 1851
185 } 92 *Birds of Passage Flight the First and Flight the
Second*, and *Flower de Luce*, 1866 Of these four

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examples of the picturesque and tiring art of Longfellow I need say no more than that all are printed in their integrity with the exception of the first. This I have the lighter by a moral and an application both of which superfluous or not are remote from the general purpose of this book a confession in which I may include the following number Mr Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie* (*In War Time* 1863)

188 94 *Nineteenth Century* March 1878 *Ballads and other Poems* 1880 By permission of Messrs Macmillan, to whom I am indebted for some of my choicest numbers for the story of Sir Richard Crenville's heroic death in the last of August 1591—after the Revenge had endured the onset of fifteen several armadas and received some eight hundred shot of great artillery —see *Hall's* (1598 1600) p 169 176 where you will find it told with singular animation and directness by Sir Walter Raleigh who held a brief against the Spaniards in Sir Richard's case as always. To Sir Richard's proposal to blow up the ship the master gunner readily condescended as did divers others but the captain was of another opinion and in the end Sir Richard was taken aboard the ship of the Spanish admiral Don Alfonso de Buian who used him well and honourably until he died leaving to his friends the comfort that being dead he hath not outlived his own honour and that he hath nobly shown how false and vain and therefore contrary to God's will the ambitious and bloudie practices of the Spaniards were

194 95 *Twixt and other Poems* 1883 By permission of Messrs Macmillan Included at Lord Tennyson's own suggestion For the noblefeat of arms (25th October 1804) thus nobly commemorated see *Kinglake* (v 1 102 66) The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the second squadron of the Pennsylvanians the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support The three were Scarlett's aide de camp Elliot and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly who had been close behind him —*Author's Note*

196 } 96 *The Return of the Guards and other Poems* 1866
197 } 97 By permission of Messrs Macmillan As to the first which deals with an incident of the war with China and is presumably referred to 1860 some Seals and a private of the Buffs (or East Kent Regiment) having remained behind with

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the grog carts fell into the hands of the Chinese
On the next morning they were brought before
the authorities and commanded to perform the
Ko tou The Seiks obeyed but Moyse the
English soldier declaring that he would not
prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive was
immediately knocked upon the head and his body
thrown upon a dunghill —Quoted by⁹ the
author from *The Times* The Fight o⁸line 6 is
Henry Bruce eighth Lord Elgin (1811 1863) then
Ambassador to China, and afterwards Governor
General of India Compare *Theology in Extremis*
(post p 254) Of the second, which Mr Saints
bury describes as one of the most lofty insolent
and passionate things concerning this matter
that our time has produced Sir Francis notes
that this incident—no doubt a part of the
conquest of Sindh—was told him by Sir Charles
Napier and that Trucbee (line 12) = a strong
hold in the Desert supposed to be unassailable
and impregnable

201 98, 99 By permission of Messrs Smith Elder and Co
Dramatic Lyrics 1845 *Cornhill Magazine* June
1871 and *Parcharotto*, 1876 Works iv and xiv
I can find nothing about Hervé Riel

206- } 100 The two first are from the *Song of Myself*
209 } 103 *Leaves of Grass* (1855) the others from *Drum*
209 } 103 *Leaves of Grass* (Philadelphia
1884) pp 60 62 63 222 and 246

211 } 104 By permission of Messrs Macmillan Dated
213 } 105 severally 1857 and 1859

215 106 *Edinburgh Courant* 1852 Compare *The Loss of*
the Birkenhead in *The Return of the Guards and*
other Poems (Macmillan, 1883) pp 256 58 Of
the troopship *Birkenhead* I note that she sailed
from Queenstown on the 7th January 1852 with
close on seven hundred souls on board, that the
most of them were soldiers—of the Twelfth
Lancers the Sixtieth Rifles the Second Sixth
Forty third, Forty fifth, Seventy third Seventy
fourth, and Ninety first Regiments, that she
struck on a rock (26th February 1852) off
Simon's Bay, South Africa that the boats would
hold no more than a hundred and thirty eight
and that the women and children being safe the
men that were left—four hundred and fifty four,
all told—were formed on deck by their officers
and went down with the ship true to colours
and discipline till the end

216 } 107 By permission of Messrs Macmillan From
230 } 109 *Empedocles on Etna* (1853) As regards the
second number it may be noted that Sohrab

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being in quest of his father Rustum to whom he is unknown off his battle as one of the host of the Tartar King Afrasiab to any champion of the Persian King Khusroo. The challenge is accepted by Rustum who fights as a nameless knight (like Wilfrid of Ivanhoe the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Ashby) and so becomes the unwitting slayer of his son. For the story of the pair the poet refers his readers to Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*. See *Poems*, by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan) 1 268 269

231 } 110 *Ionua* (Allen 1891) By permission of the Author

233 } 111 *School Fencibles* (1861) was printed not published in 1877. *The Ballad for a Boy* Mr Cory writes, was never printed till this year

237 112 By permission of the Author. This ballad, which was suggested Mr Meredith tells me by the story of Bendigeid Vran the son of Llyr in the *Mabinogion* (in 1219) is reprinted from *Modern Love* (1862), but it originally appeared (c. 1860) in *Once a Week*, a forgotten print the source of not a little unforgotten stuff—as *Eian Harrington* and the first part of *The Cloister and the Hearth*

239 113 From the fourth and last book of *Sigurd the Volsung*, 1877 By permission of the Author Hogni and Gunnr being the guests of King Atli husband to their sister Gudrun refuse to tell him the whereabouts of the treasure of Fafnir whom Sigurd slew, and this is the manner of their taking and the beginning of King Atli's vengeance

251 114 *English Illustrated Magazine* January 1890 and *Lyrical Poems* (Macmillan, 1891) By permission of the Author with whose sanction I have omitted four lines from the last stanza

254 115 By permission of Sir Alfred Lyall *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1868, and *Verses Written in India* (Kegan Paul 1889). The second title is *A Soliloquy that may have been delivered in India June 1857*, and this is further explained by the following extract from an Indian newspaper — They would have spared life to any of their English prisoners who should consent to profess Mohammedanism by repeating the usual short formula, but only one half caste cared to save himself that way. Then comes the description, *Mortiturus Logatur*, and next the poem

257 } 116 From *Songs before Sunrise* (Chatto and Windus 260 } 118 1877), and the third series of *Poems and Ballads* (Chatto and Windus 1889) By permission of the Author

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262 } 119 *The Complete Poetical Works of Bret Harte*
 264 } 120 (*Chatto and Windus 1880*) By permission of
 Author and Publisher *The Reveille* was spoken
 before a Union Meeting at San Francisco at the
 beginning of the Civil War and appeared in a
 volume of the Author's poems in 1867. *What the
 Bullet Sang* is much later work dating thunks
 Mr Harte from 79 or 80

264 121 *St James's Magazine* October 1875, and *At the
 Sign of the Lyre* (*Kegan Paul 1889*) By per-
 mission of the Author

265 122 *St James's Gazette* 20th July 1888 and *Grass
 of Parnassus* (*Longmans 1888*) By permission
 of Author and Publisher Written in memory of
 Gordon's betrayal and death but while there were
 yet hopes and rumours of escape

266 123 *Underwoods* (*Chatto and Windus, 1886*) By
 permission of the Publishers

268 124 *Love's Looking Glass* (*Percival 1891*) By per-
 mission of the Author

— 125 *Macmillan's Magazine* November 1889 By
 permission of the Author Kamal Khan is a
 Pathan, and the scene of this exploit—which,
 I am told, is perfectly consonant with the history
 and tradition of Guides and Pathans both—is the
 North Frontier country in the Peshawar Kohat
 region say between Abazai and Bonar behind
 which is stationed the Punjab Irregular Frontier
 Force—the steel head of the lance couched for
 the defence of India As for the Queen's Own
 Corps of Guides to the general God's Own
 Guides (from its exclusiveness and gallantry), it
 comprehends both horse and foot is recruited
 from Sikhs, Pathans, Rapputs, Afghans, all the
 fighting races is officered both by natives and by
 Englishmen and in all respects is worthy of this
 admirable ballad

Ressaldar = the native leader of a ressala or troop
 of horse
 Tongue = a barren and naked strath— what
 geologists call a fan
 Gut of the Tongue = the narrowest part of the
 strath
 dust devils—dust clouds blown by a whirlwind

273 126 *National Observer* 4th April 1891 At the
 burning of the Court House at Cork Above the
 portico a flagstaff bearing the Union Jack
 remained fluttering in the air for some time but
 ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air
 with shouts and seemed to see significance in the
 incident —Daily Papers *Author's Note*

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